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Boston Brahmins in Deep Doodoo, p. 19

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE DISAPPEARING COWBOY

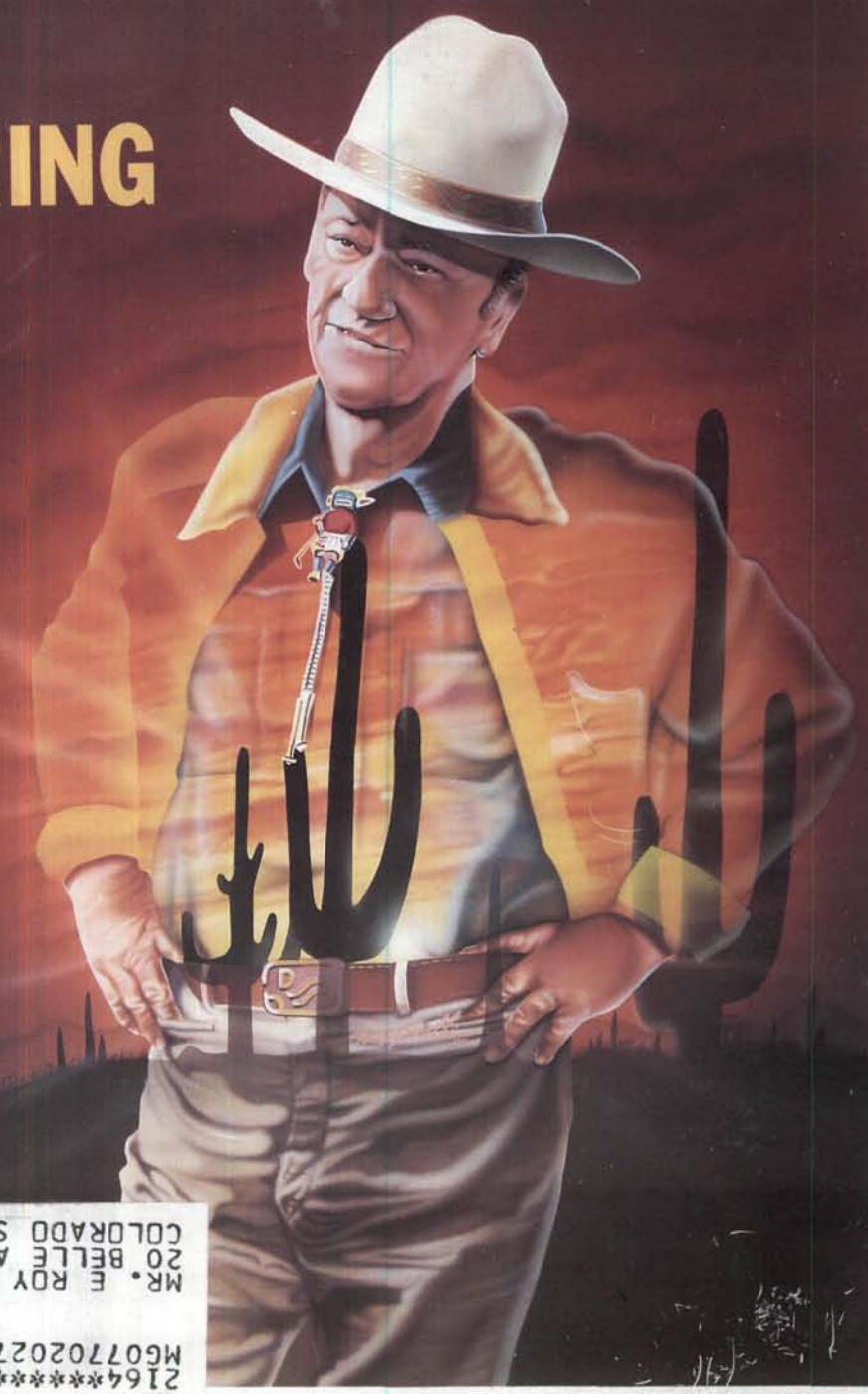
Anthony Lejeune
Hertha L. Lund

WINTER IN MOSCOW

Richard Grenier

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Aloïse Buckley Heath



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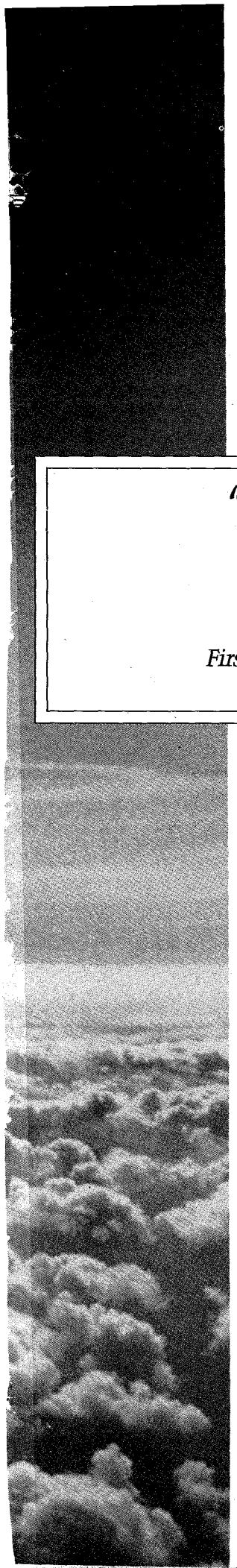

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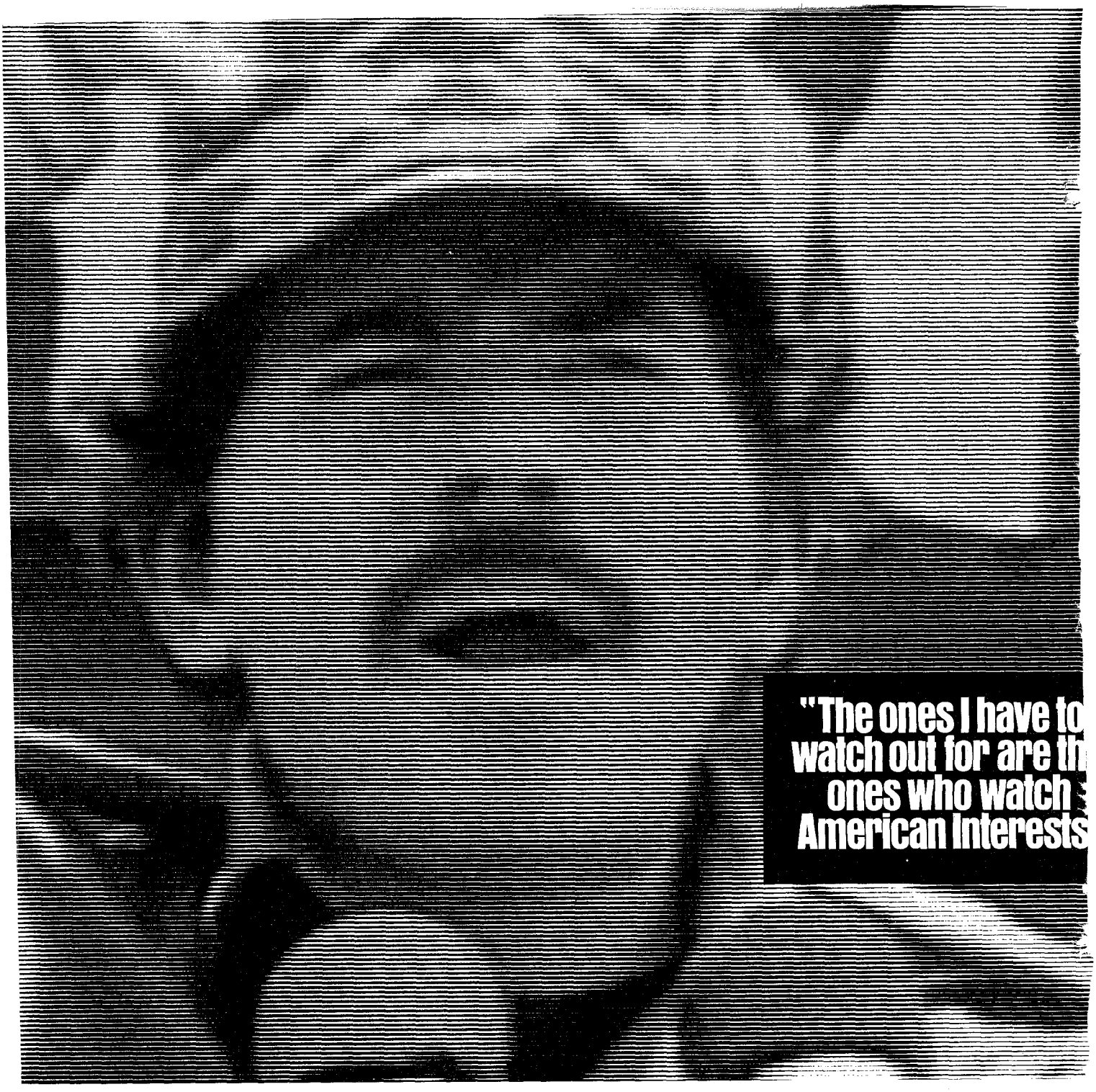

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 31, 1989 VOL. XLI, NO. 25

Cover Story

23 ***The Rise and Fall of the Western***
Anthony Lejeune mourns the loss of the traditional cowboy of prose and screen: the American hero. **Hertha L. Lund** looks at real-life cowboys today, under siege by Washington bureaucrats and armchair environmentalists.

Articles

17 ***Is Liberalism Still Possible?***
Robert H. Bates points out that in the modern world economy, money just moves too quickly for liberals to get their hands on it.

18 ***On the Scene***
Mrs. Aquino has no one but herself to blame for the latest coup attempt, concludes **W. Scott Thompson**. . . . **Edward W. Wagner** catches the uppermost crust of Cambridge, Mass., in an act of (egad!) racism. . . . **Leslie Lenkowsky** and **Peter Frumkin** report that, in this decade of greed, charitable giving has boomed. . . . **Ed Rubenstein** holds no stock in the peace dividend.

27 ***Winter in Moscow***
Richard Grenier reports on a country nearing economic collapse, with levelers, reformers, democrats, authoritarians, et al. poised to battle among the ruins.

32 ***Those Turbulent Bishops***
The *New York Times* believes in a pluralist society, but, notes **Richard John Neuhaus**, Catholics need not apply.

34 ***It Says Here . . .***
In a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, **Aloïse Buckley Heath** & Co. assemble for Christmas. Assemble toys, that is.

37 ***Solving the Rumanian Problem***
Christie Davies has a very special Christmas present for Nicolae Ceausescu.

Books, Arts & Manners

38 Robert Nozick, erstwhile defender of the minimalist state, has changed his mind in *The Examined Life*; **Kenneth Minogue** knows a mid-life crisis when he sees one. . . . **M. E. Bradford** is mostly enthralled by Robert William Fogel's penetrating (mostly) discussion of American slavery and abolition. . . . John Barry's sympathy for his subject in *The Ambition and the Power: Jim Wright and the Will of the House* only makes the Speaker's deadly ambition all the clearer, remarks **Wick Allison**. . . . Hugo Black and Felix Frankfurter managed to genuinely surprise friend and foe alike, concludes **James H. Andrews** from James F. Simon's *The Antagonists*. . . . **M. D. Aeschliman** finds J. M. Cameron a worthy heir to the piously learned tradition of Newman, Chesterton, and Lewis. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** takes a happy second look at *Citizens*, Simon Schama's masterful demythologization of the French Revolution. . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** cruises the picturesque canals of Alsace–Lorraine. . . . Jazz prodigy Wynton Marsalis is very good, but not yet passionate enough for greatness, says **Tony Outhwaite**.

Sections

5 ***Letters***
8 ***From the Editor***
9 ***On the Record***
10 ***The Week***
30 help
40 ***Random Notes***
44 ***Right Books***
52 ***Trans-O-Gram***
54 ***On the Right***
56 ***Off the Record***

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— Senator Jesse Helms

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LETTERS

Never Say Never

Simply because the pretense of social and economic utopia has been stripped away from Communist ideology for good, that does not mean Communism is dead ["Is the Cold War Really Over?" Owen Harries, Nov. 10]. It will continue to be what it has always been at heart, to wit, a system of absolute power practiced by a ruling elite.

The genius of this elite and the system that sustains it is its ability to use its enemies for its own advantage without their realizing that they are being used. (If the current wishful thinking of Western elites about the collapse of Communism is an indication of Western intellectual vigor, then we are in trouble.) The Soviets' long-range goal in Western Europe is the end of NATO. If this can be achieved by reducing the perception of the Soviet threat among Western Europeans, by means of allowing the Eastern European captive nations to go neutral, then so much the better. A Europe without NATO would allow the Soviet Union to continue with its solidification of its own territory.

As for a new paradigm let me suggest the title of a recent book by the strategist Colin Gray, *The Geopolitics of Superpower*. The enemy's tactics may change, but the end is the same: rule the heartland and dominate the rimlands. It is understandable that we are tired after 44 years, and that we grasp at whatever relief comes along. What we need is a second wind. Owen Harries provides that in his article.

Paul R. Peters
Sherman, Conn.

Choosing Choice

Chester Finn notes that certain "self-interested private-school partisans," some free-market types and libertarians, and a few serious social scientists find public-school-choice plans to be inadequate because they do not include private schools ["Razing the Liberal Plantation," Nov. 10]. He correctly does not include conservatives in this group because, unfortunately, most conservatives have abandoned the case for vouchers or tax credits and jumped on the public-school-choice bandwagon.

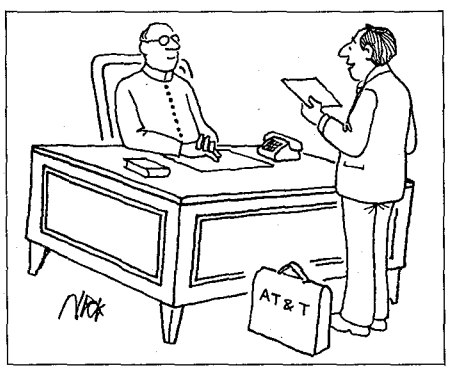
At a recent Heritage Foundation workshop on education, whose participants included numerous presidents of conservative think tanks, the notion of extending choice to include private schools was little more than an afterthought. This is unfortunate because, as Mr. Finn has related elsewhere, if public-school choice fails, the case for real competition between public and private schools could be doomed. And even if it succeeds, some open-enrollment advocates have revealed that one purpose of the plan is to fend off demands for extending it to the private schools.

What often gets lost in this mad rush to embrace public-school choice is the fact that, in some of the big cities such as Chicago and Washington, D.C., there are few if any good public schools to begin with. Thus, public-school choice gives the students and parents only a choice among the best of the worst, which is really no choice at all. At best, public-school choice will raise some of these schools to the level of mediocrity. This is not good enough.

William D. Eggers
Reason Foundation
Research Fellow
Santa Monica, Calif.

Free Currency

Your correspondent Jean-Maire Benoist ["Thatcherism across the Channel," "On the Scene," Nov. 10] hit the nail on the head but, with Gallic chivalry, failed to drive it in all the way. He omitted to mention that Mrs. Thatcher, unlike her just-departed chancellor of the exchequer, is old enough to remember the two decades leading up to President Nixon's liberation of the dollar and, more importantly, wise enough to have learned the right lessons.



"You're in luck, Cardinal—1-800-VATICAN is still available."

Those who lived through the exchange-rate battles of the post–Bretton Woods, pre-Smithsonian years will recall that fixed exchange rates, whether pegged to the dollar *de jure* or the Deutsche mark *de facto*, imply, in the absence of a workable adjustment mechanism, one of two things: either an economy that is vassal to that of the dominant currency, or one that lurches from one devaluation crisis to another. Experience has shown that the only workable adjustment mechanism is that provided by the marketplace. Abandon the marketplace as a determinant of currency value, as proponents of the EMS would have Britain do, and one either returns to the exchange-rate-dominated stop–go economic policies of the quarter-century following Bretton Woods, or England becomes yet smaller in the shadow of an ever-grosser Germany.

Disciples of the Single Act are tragically placing the cart squarely in front of the horse. Currency formulae such as the EMS must, in the absence of recurrent crises, lead inevitably to economic coordination. There is, as Mr. Benoist points out, no process in place to make such coordination subject to the will of the populations affected. It is as though we were in Philadelphia back in 1788, and a team of bureaucrats were busy putting finishing touches to regulations governing interstate commerce while the Constitutional Convention in the next room has not even held its first meeting, yet alone subjected its results to popular ratification.

Michael H. Coles
New York, N.Y.

Ecumenical Dialogues

Your paragraph on Christian ecumenism ["The Week," Oct. 27] states, I believe correctly, that obstacles come today not from the differences among the mainline churches but "from the vulnerability of those churches to every secular fashion." It may be that these obstacles are quietly going away.

Recently I was in a discussion with Episcopalians and Lutherans on *Implications of the Gospel*, a book that reports on the Lutheran–Episcopal dialogue. *Implications* is written in five sections: 1) the grounding of the Gospel, 2) the basic theological affirmations concerning God and Christ, 3) the Church, 4) the political implications of the Gospel, and 5) Christian mission. We found

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that despite our different traditions we have profound agreement, especially on sections 1 and 2. But it was also observed that many sterile efforts at ecumenism had focused exclusively on section 4—on what is called "social action"—and that these efforts had failed for want of theological underpinnings.

In other words, the major differences among Christians today are between those who would put politics first and those who put theology first (although generally granting the importance of social implications of theology). Among the latter, the traditional divisions (Lutheran, Episcopal, Roman Catholic, etc.) we pray may soon be seen as little more than trifles.

(The Rev.) Victor L. Austin
Church of the Resurrection
Hopewell Junction, N.Y.

Note on Ukraine

You ran a paragraph in "The Week" [Oct. 13] about rising Ukrainian nationalism and the recent protest by Ukrainian Catholics against Soviet repression of the Uniate Church. In it you say, "Indeed, about half of the one thousand Orthodox churches officially reopened in the Soviet Union in recent years are in Ukraine, where the people are Catholic, to encourage assimilation." This statement is at the least misleading. Ukrainians are not a Catholic people. While there is a significant minority of Ukrainians in the USSR, Canada, and the U.S. who are Catholic, Ukrainians are predominantly Orthodox.

In 988, Prince Volodymyr of Ukraine sent a delegation of ten envoys to the Volga Bulgars, the Germans, and the Greeks to study which religion he should choose for his people. When they returned, they reported with great enthusiasm on the Greek faith, saying that when they entered the place of worship, they did not know whether they were in Heaven or on earth. Prince Volodymyr decided to heed their advice and proceeded to baptize his country in the Orthodox faith.

A faction that held allegiance to the Western (Roman) church broke away from the Ukrainian Orthodox Church several centuries after the great schism between Rome and Constantinople in 1054. The Ukrainian Orthodox Church has endured centuries of attempts by the younger Russian Orthodox Church to appropriate it, and by the Soviets to crush it, but it remains the faith that the majority of Ukrainians around the globe call their own.

Stephen Haluszczak
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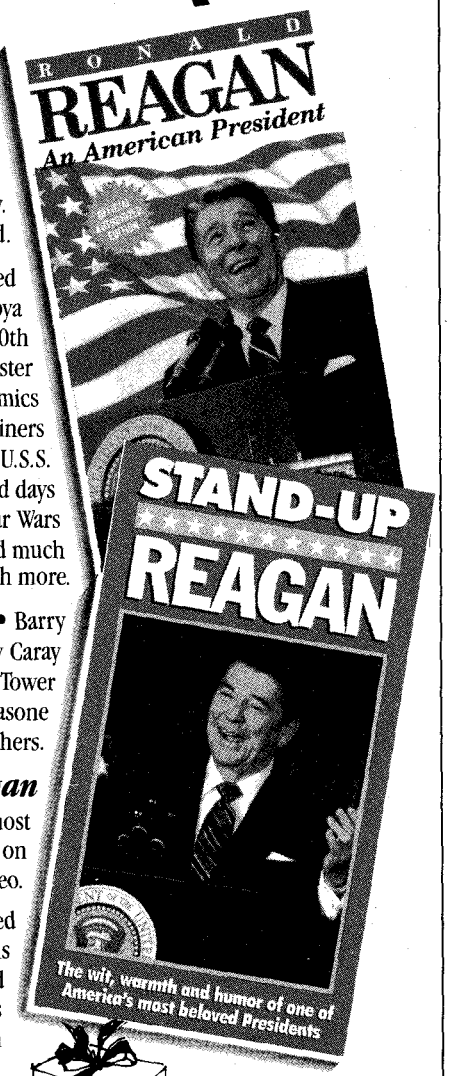

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FROM THE EDITOR

An Embarrassment of Riches

■ You have to hand it to liberals, they can manufacture useful ideological ploys out of the most unpromising political realities. Their latest dodge is to proclaim loudly that conservatives must be horribly embarrassed by the collapse of Communism, or, as a recent *New York Times* editorial puts it, "American conservatives . . . can't seem to get their bearings without Godless Commies to kick around." Exactly why anti-Marxists should be disconcerted by the collapse of belief in Marxism, or supporters of free markets abashed by the disarray of central planning, or members of what until yesterday was called "the captive-nations lobby" disturbed when the nations concerned confirm that captivity by liberating themselves from it—these are neither self-evident nor explained by the *Times*. Embarrassment might better be felt by those anti-anti-Communists who were loftily amused at the unsophistication of such views until this year. But no. *The New Yorker*, in a spectacular display of the Higher Silliness, celebrates the demise not of Communism but of "anti-Communism—an engine that has propelled so many American political careers." *Pace* Eustace Tilley, the unanimity of anti-Communism does not constitute its defeat. As for the *Times*, I fear for its bearings without Godless commies to kick *it* around.

■ Conservatives, of course, will legitimately differ over how to respond to the opportunities which the liberation of Eastern Europe has created. My own instinct is that the traditional U.S. policy of encouraging close European political unity in order to "anchor" West Germany to the West looks increasingly misconceived. It was reasonable when Europe and Germany seemed permanently divided, and practicable when the European Community consisted of six advanced countries grouped around a Franco-German entente. But if Poland, Austria, Hungary, and East Germany now join, as they wish to do, the EC will resemble not the "West" as such, but Mr. Gorbachev's "common European home." And German reunification will in any event draw the Federal Republic further East.

All of which makes a highly integrated Europe, one tightly regulated by committees of bureaucrats in Brussels, look like yesterday's utopia. Social charters and the bureaucratic "harmonization" of taxes, by spreading France's *dirigisme* and Germany's high industrial costs throughout the EEC, would obstruct the entry of poorer economies like Poland, Hungary, and East Germany. President Mitterrand wants to push quickly ahead to just such a tight Europe in order to "contain" Germany's economic dominance. But did the German Empire contain Prussia's dominance? Or add to it? Anyway, both Chancellor Kohl and Prime Minister Thatcher are (for different reasons) opposed to it.

President Bush apparently leans to the French view, but United States interests point firmly toward a looser Community, including Eastern Europe, in which harmonization of taxes and social benefits would be achieved through market forces. A high-cost bureaucratic Community would inevitably mutate into a protectionist Fortress Europe, whereas a free-market Europe would be a free-trade Europe hospitable to American exports. Over time, it might gradually merge with the United States and Canada into a *de facto* North Atlantic Free Trade Area. The United States would then offset German economic power through NAFTA and Soviet military power through a continuing (if smaller) contribution to NATO. We would thus transform the common European home into a common Atlantic one. If that were what President Bush meant by the "new Atlanticism," then it really would be the vision thing.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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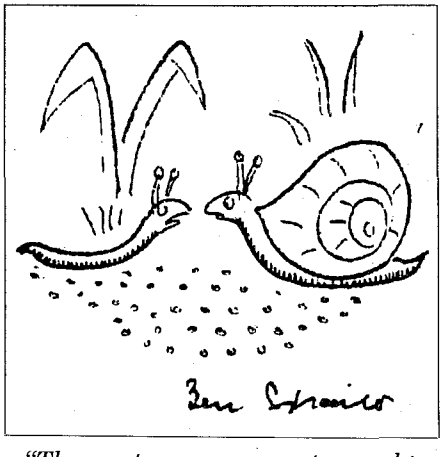
ON THE RECORD

■ At year's end, harsh words and unkind prevailed throughout the once Communist world. China's **Deng Xiaoping** told a Party meeting in early December that **Mikhail Gorbachev** was a socialist, not a Communist. . . . Nonsense, said former **Reagan** arms negotiator **Paul Nitze**, seeking to dispel post-Malta euphoria. "I don't think Mr. Gorbachev has become a democrat; he continues to be a Communist." . . . In Rumania, dictator **Nicolae Ceausescu**, a purist like Deng, had cheery Christmas tidings for his people. They can expect a visit from **Fidel Castro** in January. . . . Castro is terribly unhappy at reformers behind the late Curtain who are "slandering socialism, destroying its values, discrediting the Party and liquidating its leading role, doing away with social discipline, and sowing chaos and anarchy everywhere." . . . North Korea's **Kim Il Sung** is sore at Gorbachev for setting up semi-consulates in South Korea, and sorer still at Hungary and Poland for establishing full diplomatic relations with Seoul. . . . Peking is sore at Belize, Grenada, and Liberia for withdrawing recognition from Red China and establishing relations with Taipei in protest at Tiananmen Square brutalities. . . . Chinese Academy of Sciences has dismissed **Fang Lizhi**, a leading dissident (who has taken refuge in U.S. Embassy in Peking), from his post at Peking University and stripped him of his title as "young and middle-aged technical and managerial expert" and of all perks that go with the title. . . . In Warsaw, authorities took down a statue of **Lenin** rather than have it pulled down. It needed repairs, they explained. . . . And in Komarov, Czechoslovakia, the local folk were about to tear down a statue of **Josef Stalin** until, hearing that someone in Britain collects Stalin memorabilia, they put it up for sale instead. Can't keep that ol' debbil capitalism down. . . . In People's Republic of Benin (pop. 4.5 million), people were informed they need no longer address each other as "comrade." President **Mathieu Kerekou** has renounced Marxism–Leninism because "it doesn't work."

■ In London, **Gordon McLennan**, head of the British CP for 14 years, is stepping down next month. Discouraged. The CPGB has gone from 100,000 strong in 1945 to 7,500 today. . . . In New York, chief Communist Party honcho **Gus Hall** is displeased with the Soviet press. Most of it, he says, "spreads falsehoods and slanders about socialism," and paints "a false fairy-tale picture about capitalism." . . . Gorbachev is not all that pleased with the Soviet press either. Freedom House's year-end report on press freedom worldwide points out that Soviet publishers **Sergei Grigoryants** (of *Glasnost* magazine) and **Aleksandr Mazuri** (of *Ekspres Khronika*) have been arrested and subjected to harassment this year, and **Sergei Kuznetsov**, editor of an unofficial Siberian journal, sentenced to three years in labor camp for "slandering" an official. . . . **Aleksei Yeliseyev**'s suggestion in *Izvestia* that prominent Soviet exiles apply to have citizenship restored went over like lead balloon. Said **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**'s wife (and spokesman): "They kick him out and after that they want him to come and bow and ask permission to enter." . . . Exiled Soviet cellist **Mstislav Rostropovich** (now conductor of National Symphony in Washington) and his wife, **Galina Vishnevskaya**, who got into trouble for sheltering Solzhenitsyn in 1974, and were subsequently exiled and stripped of citizenship, are unlikely to be more receptive. When invited to give a concert in Moscow last summer, Rostropovich replied: "I want an apology [from Soviet government]. I want them to admit that I did nothing wrong and that they had no legal right to expel me in the first place." He recalled, at the time, the advice conveyed to him by a mutual friend from the late violinist **David Oistrakh**: "Tell Slava," said Oistrakh, "not to come back. If he should feel nostalgic, let him plant some birch trees around his house." . . . *L'Express* reports Poland and Czechoslovakia are refusing to accept mail for Vietnam. Reason: Soviet rail transport is too unreliable to guarantee its delivery in Hanoi. . . . In China, one million rural factories have shut down in anti-capitalist crackdown of past year. The factories, says *Christian Science Monitor*, supplied a quarter of China's industrial product in 1988 and employed 100 million peasants. . . . Peking has announced that 109 officers and men of the **People's Liberation Army** have been executed for refusing to fire on students in Tiananmen Square. . . . Saddest statement of the year, from a student in the Square June 4. "Tears streamed down our faces as we ran. We could see a second group of students trying to escape under fire, many of them falling. We all wept, and weeping we ran. . . ."



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"The mortgage repayments caught up with me."

■ Good News/Bad News: Sweden gave its 1989 **Olof Palme** award to Czech playwright, Civic Forum leader, and soon-to-be-president **Vaclav Havel**. . . . In the United States, National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has bestowed its 1989 **Tom Paine** award on Massachusetts congressman **Barney Frank**, who now takes his place among other recent awardees, **Ed Asner** and **Peter, Paul, and Mary**. Needed: A National Civil Liberties Committee to protect good name of Tom Paine.

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THE WEEK

■ Senator Ted went forth to Berlin and repeated JFK's glowing phrase, "*Ich bin ein Berliner*," which still means "I am a jelly doughnut" in German. For once, nothing is lost in translation.

■ It is year end, and, in a ruminative mood, we pause to comment with some dismay on the disclosures about the grubby behavior of many Republican bigwigs. One thinks primarily, of course, of Samuel Pierce, who disgraced the top office of HUD, which takes a lot of doing since the office is vulnerably constituted. But it is plain that he was in the offensive tradition of the Harding Republicans. And so was James Watt, who got paid $300,000 for one influence-peddling telephone call. His statement that he too disapproved of that kind of thing, but after all, it's the world we live in, does not tell us why he didn't take a stand against such a world when he held high office. Senator D'Amato is a more or less consistent disappointment nowadays, and his involvement with HUD requires an explanation (to other muses than those that will ponder, when he comes up again, his vote against Robert Bork and against aid to El Salvador). The savings-and-loan scandal is ecumenical, indeed more heavily fingerprinted by Democrats than Republicans; but the spectacle of Charles Keating, Republican financier, supporting Democratic left-winger Alan Cranston, is itself a cameo of corruption across party lines. What to do, other than remind ourselves that the combination of freedom and big government always, yes always, breeds corruption?—which does not, however, excuse the corrupters.

■ Alan Cranston, actually, is a past master at stroking powerful (and rich) constituents for quids pro quo—the California senator supported the B-1 bomber, despite a lifetime of peacenikery, because so many of its components came from his home state. But in Charles Keating Cranston found one constituent too many. As the story unfolds, it turns out Mr. Keating and his associates also gave $850,000 to three Cranston-approved voter-registration groups, one of them headed by Cranston's son Kim. The groups, ostensibly non-partisan, appear to have been especially adept at registering Democratic voters. The FBI is looking into it. Californians can look forward to a new senator come 1992. If not sooner.

■ If Vice President Dan Quayle was speaking for himself on recent international events, he struck the wrong note. Instead of prudently welcoming the mass defection of Eastern Europe to the Western camp, he seemed fearful and almost grudging. But opinions differ on great events, and we would be happy to argue the point with him. If, however, he was being trotted out by the White House to reassure conservatives that the cold war is still on, as speculation has suggested, then we find the implied condescension insulting. Such a calculation assumes that conservatives are either too stupid or too obstinate to recognize the stunning victories the West has achieved over Communism this year. It is bad enough that liberals should accuse conservatives of being nostalgic for the Communist hegemony we have always opposed. It is offensive that unprincipled political technicians in the Administration should make the same assumption.

■ On November 16, gunmen stormed a dormitory on the campus of a Salvadoran university and murdered six Jesuit priests, their cook, and the cook's teenage daughter. A lone witness, the priests' housekeeper, may or may not have seen "uniformed" (read: government-approved) assailants; she has been interrogated by the FBI, but apparently has failed six lie-detector tests, and the identity of the murderers remains unknown. And yet, even as (Cuba- and Nicaragua-aided) FMLN guerrillas are increasing their assault on the democratically elected government in El Salvador, numerous religious organizations do not hesitate to call for an end to U.S. military aid on the evidence of the housekeeper's testimony. The U.S. Catholic Conference has done so, as have governing bodies of the Episcopal Church, the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and the United Church of Christ, but no group has been more active than members of the Society of Jesus themselves. Jesuits have visited officials at the State Department, specifically Deputy Secretary Lawrence Eagleburger, and members of Congress, including Senator Al D'Amato (R., N.Y.), who promptly flip-flopped and backed a bill—subsequently defeated—to cut Salvadoran aid by 30 per cent. Apparently when you are educated by the Jesuits, you learn to do as you're told. And they've accused the FBI of brainwashing the housekeeper!

■ HISTORY IN REVERSE. After elections in 1946, Czechoslovakian Communists formed a minority government, taking care to award themselves the Ministry of the Interior (that is, the police). Last week, Czechoslovakia passed under the control of another minority Communist government. This time, the Interior Ministry has been given over to a triumvirate consisting of a Communist tyro, a Communist economist who has been making a name for himself

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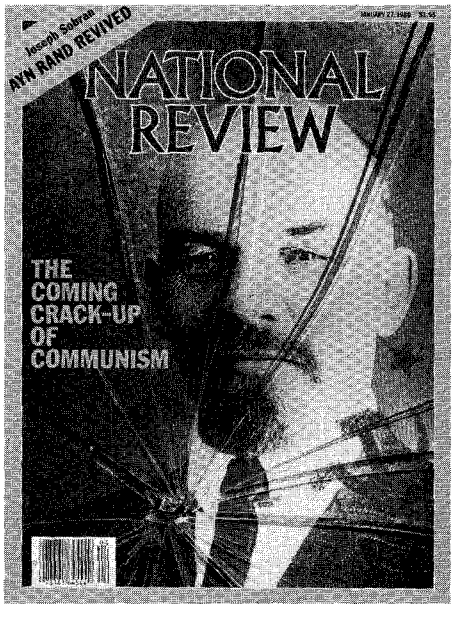
by lambasting the Party's economic performance, and a gentleman who, until two weeks ago, was in jail in Bratislava for fomenting disorder.

■ It would have been far wiser if the Central American Five had cancelled their summit, and instead asked Daniel Ortega to explain just what one of his planes was doing ferrying ground-to-air missiles and other arms to the FMLN in El Salvador, to be used against the democratically constituted government of President Cristiani, a member in good standing of the Five. But that's not the way to get the attention of the world press, so the Five assembled, palavered, and accomplished what they might have expected. Nothing.



■ Fidel Castro is going bananas, no slur intended about our good friends in the banana republics. He is denouncing the changes toward freedom in Eastern Europe and, without naming him, denouncing his Soviet pimp. Castro is the amazing shrinking man, who once saw himself as the anti-Yanqui Napoleon of the Third World. The next "Bandung" conference will be held in Havana or Tirana, if at all. Cigars all around the table, please.

■ Gorbachev's historic meeting with the Pope may be a milestone to rank with the destruction of the Berlin Wall in the annals of post-Communism. The two men spent five minutes alone, without interpreters, conversing in Russian; it is speculated that Gorbachev, a baptized Christian in boyhood, may have asked the papal blessing. Be that as it may, he addressed the Pope as "Holy Father" and called him "the foremost moral leader in the world today." He also promised freedom for the outlawed Ukrainian Catholic Church, and for all faiths, and invited the Pope to visit the Soviet Union. If this is all a trick, it's a damned good one.

■ The Iraqis have fired off a ballistic missile, and, belatedly, we have taken notice. It is an ominous portent, since no one builds these things without getting ready to put particularly nasty payloads on top of them—nerve gas today, biological or nuclear weapons tomorrow. Iraq, an unvarnished Stalinist one-man state, made liberal and unabashed use of chemical weapons during its war with Iran, has attempted to annihilate its Kurdish minority, and has ambitions to be the dominant power in the Arab world. Proof, if proof were needed, that the world remains a dangerous place, and that even if the cold war is ending America had best keep its powder dry.

■ H. L. Mencken's newly published diaries are shocking right-thinking people everywhere, who are scandalized to learn that he was as rude about blacks and Jews as he was about Catholics and fundamentalists. He was fine when he was "irreverent"; but now, it seems, he was also "insensitive"! Horrors! The truth is that Mencken was an equal-opportunity curmudgeon. He respected the rights of all but reserved for himself the right to hate them civilly. Respect and affection are independent variables.

■ Another worrisome report about the Navy: it merely nudged some Greenpeace vessels aside when they were such inviting target practice.

■ As if that weren't enough, Frank Sinatra is going to perform next July in Red Square. The real test of *glasnost* will be whether he can slug a *Pravda* reporter and get away with it.

■ Airport officials in Los Angeles achieved what millions of parents can only dream of. Suspecting it to be a bomb, they blew up a Nintendo game.

■ Boston gift shops have been banned from selling "100 Per Cent Authentic Undiluted Polluted" Boston Harbor water ($4 for 5 oz.)—because Boston is like that, and so is its harbor.

■ In case you missed this, and you probably did, Botswana is thriving under capitalism, and the Botswana Democratic Party, not to be confused with our Democratic Party, was just re-elected with a comfortable majority.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW's first cover story of 1989 was Radek Sikorski's "The Coming Crack-Up of Communism" [Jan. 27]. Now that President Bush has a subscription, maybe we shold match it with a free air-mail one for Mr. Gorbachev. It seems only fair.

Proceed with Caution

THESE ARE TIMES that try journalists' souls. Every second day, it seems, another Eastern European Communist government resigns, renames itself, or is otherwise junked. *Time* gets an interview

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with Egon Krenz. By the time it hits the newsstands, Krenz is gone. "The end of history," the buzz phrase of the summer, now sounds like a wry joke. Never in the postwar world has history moved so rapidly.

Against this background, George Bush and Mikhail Gorbachev met, on appropriately tempestuous seas, in Malta. After the conference, some conservatively inclined commentators—William Safire, A. M. Rosenthal—expressed dissatisfaction that Bush had given away so much in the way of arms-talks timetables and eased trade restrictions, without securing anything from Gorbachev in return. Surely the blur of events affected the President's negotiating style. What was there to ask for? That Gorbachev tear down the Berlin Wall? It had already happened. That he hold free elections in Eastern Europe? They're on their way.

It is time now—before the next summit, and the next—for Washington, and for conservatives, to try to organize their reactions to these events.

The first question to ponder is, Are there any Communists left? The answer is, Very few. Unfortunately, many of them belong to the Soviet government.

When Gorbachev summoned the spirits from the vasty deep, his goals were undoubtedly 1) to make the Soviet Union a modern nation, and 2) to induce the West, by using the allure of reform, to help pay for the modernizing: in short, he wanted power. Undoubtedly, the process has unfolded in ways he never anticipated. It is hard to imagine how he could reverse it without losing all the prestige he has so far gained. It is equally hard to believe that he has become a committed, as opposed to an opportunistic, supporter of enlarged freedom. There are those—whose presence he tolerates in part because he can't yet get rid of them, in part because they make him look good by contrast—who dislike what he has done so far. The Soviet Union still has lots of tanks, pointed at Frankfurt; lots of missiles, pointed at us.

This is why it is still too early to bring all the boys home from Europe. Many of them should be brought home, if by doing so we cause the Soviets to agree to withdraw and demobilize their European units. (The withdrawals will have to be asymmetrical, since the Soviets have more to start with; and they have no oceans to cross.)

A continued American presence in Europe will also allay the burgeoning fear of a united Germany. German unity is inevitable. It is also not undesirable. Yes, the Second and Third Reichs started two world wars. But the larger of the two Germanies has now been a republic for nearly three times as long as Weimar. If Western ideals can't be inculcated in 42 years, how can they ever? It is also true, as the historian John Lukacs points out, that there are no longer any Germans living east of the Oder. The impetus for territorial expansion is simply not there. Economic expansion is another matter. But the world has lived with Japan, Inc. It can live with Germany Ltd.—especially if America is seen to be keeping its hand in.

American policy with respect to Europe should mirror traditional English policy with respect to the Continent. From William of Orange to Winston Churchill, London was guided by the principle that no overweening continental power should emerge. As the new Europe takes shape, that is a good principle for us.

The most important thing about the new Europe, East and West, however, is that it be founded on freedom. Conservatives have been doing a lot of crowing over the collapse of the socialist idea. The crowing may be premature. Communism is utterly and hopelessly discredited. But the yearning for "third ways" remains. The Vatican is said to look forward to a bloc of Catholic nations, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, practicing distinctively Catholic economics. Since the last time the Vatican knew anything about economics was when it backed the Italian city states against the Ghibellines, this is not an encouraging prospect. Secular socialism still retains its appeal, particularly in the part of Germany where Marxism got its first foothold (which, as *NR* contributor Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn has pointed out, corresponds to modern East Germany). The lifting of the haggard deadweight of Communism may actually give socialists a rhetorical second wind—especially since all the problems that will afflict Poland, et al., over the next 18 months (and they will be many) will be routinely blamed on freedom, no matter that the grip of state control on Eastern Europe's economies is still heavy. We know what has made us prosperous and powerful for two hundred years. We should let the world know.

Beyond the historical homeland of our civilization, there is still the Third World. Outside the Soviet regime, the world's doughtiest left-wing ideologues

Merry Christmas from Malta

In Russia, where the Communists
  Are in intensive care
As Gorbachev tries everything,
  Including, some say, prayer,
The rattle in their tracheas
  Was swaying chandeliers
Till Mr. Bush played Santa Claus
  And stabilized careers.

W. H. VON DREELE

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are to be found in Havana and Managua. Gorbachev continues to support them—from his point of view, a rational investment. They don't cost much money, and their potential annoyance value is great. We must deal with them strictly as our opportunities and our interests dictate. If Gorbachev is willing to let Ortega go as part of some grand deal, fine. If not, we follow our own noses.

Some of these lines of action are new; not the principles behind them. That is because the principles—conservative principles for guarding and vindicating our freedom and independence against Communism—turned out to be correct. If they coincide now with some "liberal" prescriptions—negotiation, troop withdrawal—that is because liberalism, like a stopped clock, is right twice a day.

The freedom the Kremlin's subjects are wresting from it is the achievement of their will and their courage. But we can take credit for the steadfastness that helped supply them the opportunity.

Congress II

JUST WHEN YOU thought it was safe to come back to Washington, there's Congress II. The thriller resumes on January 23, when the most pressing issues will be the cut in capital-gains taxes, child care, and the environment.

In the Senate, Majority Leader George Mitchell has made the environment the first order of business. As one would expect of any bill with a nice-sounding title and the President's support, the "Clean Air Bill" sailed through committee (15 to 1). But there was little discussion of what (if any) benefits will justify the $90-billion price tag. One of its architects, White House Counsel C. Boyden Gray, confessed that "a lot of the cost/benefit analysis I normally demand to see hasn't been done." Apparently, that's no hindrance, and the white elephant will probably become law early next year.

Senator Mitchell's disposition to help the President suddenly evaporated, however, when it came to taxes. Almost single-handedly, the Majority Leader stopped President Bush's bid to cut capital-gains taxes. He did this by adroit manipulation of procedure and by making the vote a loyalty test for Democrats. Even so, the Republicans got a majority in favor of the cuts. Given that the House has also voted in favor of these cuts, increased White House pressure would probably be enough to get them through next time around.

Finally, the Republic has been spared an expensive and pernicious child-care bill only because of feuding within the Democratic Party. Congress passed *three* different child-care proposals (one in the Senate and two in the House) none of which met President Bush's criterion of a non-bureaucratic approach based on the family. Negotiations on a compromise bogged down because two House committees couldn't agree over which would get jurisdiction. On top of all of this, serious differences still persist between the Senate and House versions over funding for religious day-care centers and tax credits for mothers who stay home. A new child-care bill is inevitable next year, and by adroit manipulation of his veto, President Bush could ensure that it's a good one.

1989 began badly for the President, with humiliating losses on the Tower and Lucas nominations. But it ended with the White House winning on points. President Bush got through the year without a tax increase, and on his major issue, capital gains, he placed himself in good position for a win the next time around. But some of the more significant Republican victories were won without help from the White House. In the repeals of the catastrophic-illness bill and Section 89 (a regulation that would have required employers to provide bottom-level employees with the same benefits as executives), the President was not involved at all. But the stakes have been raised and the Democrats are now out for blood. Without the kind of vigorous leadership President Bush gave on capital gains and a willingness to make enemies on the Hill, he might find that the 1990 sequel will have a sadder ending.

And What about the DoD?

BIG DEFENSE CUTS are coming. That assumes, of course, that the Soviet Union continues to pursue *perestroika*, that the Eastern Europeans finish dismantling their Communist Parties, and that no new war (*à la* Iran–Iraq) erupts to remind us that history has not ended. Still, those assumptions are reasonable, and, like it or not, that means unstoppable popular and congressional pressure for defense cuts.

There are three ways of effecting such cuts. The first and worst is to nibble away at the budget by

Keeping Conservatives Happy

Like the Ghost of Christmas Past,
Mr. Quayle's assigned to cast
Shadows on the future, while
Mr. Bush assumes a smile
Like the Cratchets' when a huge
Goose arrived from Mr. Scrooge.

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slowing down weapons programs, deferring pay raises, suspending new construction, and offering a prominent program or two as a sacrifice to propitiate the gods of economy. This was tried in the 1970s, and it resulted in what one Army chief of staff called the "hollow Army"—an armed force undermanned and poorly manned, low on spare parts, ammunition, training funds, and above all morale. It took eight years to undo the damage.

The second way, which is the most likely given Pentagon politics, is to distribute the pain among the armed services—taking an equal percentage out of the hide of each, so that none will feel discriminated against. The result would be a force structure like the one we have now, but smaller. This would be fine if our strategic needs were simply smaller rather than different, but they're not.

The third and smartest solution is to use the cuts as an opportunity to rethink why we need a military at all. The Soviet empire is crumbling, and the Soviet economy seems more decrepit than we had ever imagined. But new threats are emerging—Third World powers armed with the latest in modern technology, including surface-to-surface missiles, nerve gas, and, all too soon, nuclear weapons.

What principles should govern our strategic reassessment? First, cut forces asymmetrically. We will need a far smaller Army than we have gotten used to, but since we will remain a global power we want a large Navy and Air Force and a capable Marine Corps. Second, push high-tech research and development including SDI, even at the expense of modernization across the board. To deal with increasingly sophisticated Third World opponents we want the decisive edge provided by weapons like stealth fighters and bombers and long-range cruise missiles. And if the competition with the Soviets heats up again we want to have a head start. Third, think mobilization. For decades the armed forces have thought about a come-as-you-are war: in the future they may be called upon to expand fast to meet a resurgent Soviet or other opponent. Fourth, invest in intelligence. The world has become more uncertain rather than less, and we need expertise on a host of countries—India and Iraq, for example—to which we have paid too little attention. It's time to think strategy, not budget games.

The Federal Avant-Garde

FOLLOWING A TANTRUM by what is known as "the artistic community"—the chief tantrumizer being Leonard Bernstein—John Frohnmayer, director of the National Endowment for the Arts, backed down, reneged on his word, and restored a ten-thousand-dollar federal grant to an art exhibit on AIDS victims. The crux of the controversy over the show is its catalogue, which contains a hysterical homosexual diatribe against, among others, John Cardinal O'Connor of New York [see "Those Turbulent Bishops," p. 32]. The essay also fantasizes about dousing conservative politicians with gasoline and setting them on fire. Freedom of expression, you know.

Whether such stuff should be permitted at all is a fair question. Whether taxpayers should subsidize it is no question at all. In the words of Ray Kerrison of the *New York Post*, "Not since Louis Farrakhan described Judaism as a 'gutter religion' has any faith been so vilely assailed in public life as this art show's attack on the Catholic Church."

There's something ineffably precious about all this talk of "the artistic community." Real artists don't run in packs, following fads. Since when has Bohemia become a wing of the Establishment, cadging public funds, while claiming exemption from the standards that other people observe? In the name of supporting the arts, we find ourselves stuck with an official avant-garde which feels persecuted when it isn't given money for its unbridled self-indulgence. And here you thought your taxes were paying for Mozart and Rembrandt.

No One Here But Us Church Mice

ABOUT JENNIFER CASOLO, *NR* has no inside information, but the indications are not good. She has been for some years a leader of "Christian Education Seminars" in El Salvador. What this seems to have amounted to is that she was a tour director for thousands of people visiting El Salvador under church auspices. She has now been accused by the Salvadoran government of concealing tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition for Soviet weap-

Jac, Belgium / Rotheo

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ons and large amounts of high explosives beneath her home.

Now, why would thousands of Americans have "visited" El Salvador? El Salvador is not exactly Paris.

The only newsworthy thing going on in El Salvador is a Communist insurrection. That is the all-too-probable reason why thousands of "church" people visited El Salvador under the auspices of Jennifer Casolo.

Miss Casolo's attorney is none other than Ramsey Clark, a fact that in itself speaks volumes—Leonard Boudin, after all, is no longer available.

In Eastern Europe, the Christian church has been a powerful force acting to speed the disintegration of Communism. Substantial parts of various American churches, however, have been active on the side of Communist insurrection. The Maryknoll priests, the liberation theologians, Episcopal and Methodist groups, Jesuits, have placed themselves in direct alliance with totalitarianism. The bridge of asses has been liberation theology, which obfuscates the gap between transcendence and politics, between prayer and a hand grenade.

Under the aspect of free will, it is clear that a priest, a nun, or a lay believer can become a fighter. But such people then risk being repaid in the coin they have chosen: bullets. The "religious" identity is not bullet-proof. Very probably, the government of El Salvador will simply expel Jennifer Casolo, not wishing to make her a martyr. Senator Christopher Dodd (D., Conn.) would depict her as a heroine . . . but of what?

With an enormous Christian rebirth taking place in Eastern Europe, it is ironic that so much of the American church is decadent.

Physics and Christmas

THE MORE deeply you penetrate into science, the more mysterious things become. Lucretius and George Santayana notwithstanding, the fundamental fact of the universe seems not to be "matter" but energy. And when quantum physicists study micro-particles much smaller than atoms, peculiar things emerge. In a recent article, Tom Bethell quoted the late Cal Tech Nobel Laureate Richard Feynman: "I think it is safe to say that no one understands quantum mechanics. Do not keep saying to yourself, if you can possibly avoid it, 'But how can it be like that?' because you will go 'down the drain' into a blind alley from which nobody has yet escaped." According to Feynman, the electron "does anything it likes." It goes "forward or backward in time." In this micro-world, the common-sense experience of Newtonian physics does not apply.

And now we come to the macro-world of astrophysics and the origin of the universe. As we now understand it, astronomers have recently detected a light that comes close to the edges of the universe and the beginning of time. Scientists at Bell Laboratories had previously measured the radiation of the Big Bang when the universe began some ten to twenty billion years ago. But then scientists started studying quasars, and an element of mystery emerged. The light emitted by these cosmic objects seems to indicate that the quasars existed when the universe was only 7 per cent of its current age. What happened between the Big Bang and the formation of the galaxies is shrouded in mystery. The emergence of large cosmic structures defies current scientific understanding.

The more advanced science becomes in its micro and macro senses, the more mysterious it seems to be. The "laws" and the calculations of Newton operate only locally. The "matter" of Lucretius and Santayana does exist, but does not have the last word. The pragmatism of William James and John Dewey is "true," but not the last word either. The last word might well be an unintelligible equation. As the human mind presses onward, the universe seems increasingly to resemble thought. But thought must take place in a Mind. Is Hegel smiling?

"In the beginning was the *Logos*," wrote Saint John, meaning by that term the "thought" that is the foundation and form of all things, the thought that was there "in the beginning."

Contemporary Biblical scholars argue an interesting interpretation of the Magi or Wise Men "from the East" who brought gifts to Bethlehem (the ancestors of our Christmas presents). The scholars think that the Wise Men were astrologer-priests from Syria or Persia, that the "gifts" they brought were the astrologer's tools, and that the appearance of a strange heavenly body, probably a comet—the "Star" of Bethlehem—had made a mishmash of their cosmic charts. We see here a parable, at least, of the conflict between necessity and freedom, with the astrologers holding up the surrender flag of necessity.

And a Merry Christmas to all.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

Why I'm writing you this letter, I don't know, but when I think of freedom, and peace, and when I remember the threats of Communism, your name just comes to mind.

I'm laying here in bed, getting over my fourth hip replacement, and when I finally get back on my feet, I'm going to make up for lost time.

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I just want both of us to think of the days we're living through. Both of us are violent anti-Communists. Both of us have always believed in the basic concepts of freedom, not just for ourselves, but for everyone. Now, 35 years after we used to get all upset over Lenin and his disciples, we're witnessing a world suddenly awake, not just to the wisdom of freedom, but the absolute necessity of it. We are watching a world doing these things, not under pressure, not under threat, but because people are sick and tired of living under the threat of power, and have decided to make a change. It's kind of wonderful to think that the two of us, along with millions of others, have lived to see the day when the world threatens to become a free world. It's not there yet, but it's getting there.

Those are my thoughts, as I look out over my desert, and the city where I was born. I say a little prayer, and thank God for what He's done.

Sincerely,
Barry [Goldwater]
Scottsdale, Ariz.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Sylvia [Wolinsky]

Wick asked me to reply to you concerning the newsstand situation in Washington, D.C.

A little background: For many years we were distributed by Eastern News, which basically services the bookstore chains, for example, Walden and Dalton.

This year we decided that in order to obtain the exposure we wanted on the major stands all around the country, including train stations, airports, etc., we would have to switch distributors. We switched the bulk of our business in the spring. After an initial period of confusion, we are building our newsstand draw and *NR* can now be found at many stands where we were not available before, e.g., the major office buildings in New York, Chicago, Boston, many more stands in D.C. and throughout the country. Our newsstand availability is higher now than it was a year ago, and we are continuing negotiations to get us onto the stands in major airports and train stations.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: James C. Neely, MD

How apt this is:

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

—from "Mending Wall," by Robert Frost

■ Greetings,

In celebration of my ninth birthday, my father has given me a subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW. The November 10 issue arrived yesterday. I am very pleased with the mix of humor, opinion, and news. Your essay, "How to End the Cold War," was delightful. In the spirit of Mr. Rubenstein's "Privatization" essay, I offer to contribute one dollar to any private venture organized to implement the $100-billion-per-year purchase.

During my summer holiday, I read and thoroughly enjoyed your Blackford Oakes novels and *Airborne*. My copy of *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey* now belongs to my sister, Jennifer (age six). She says you should write more stories for children.

Thanks for your note of welcome that came along with my invoice.

Warm regards,
Sean Patrick Logan
Davis, Calif.

Dear Sean: More books for children? I don't think in your family they grow children! Cordially, **—WFB**

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Is Liberalism Still Possible?

ROBERT H. BATES

THE LIBERAL WING of the Democratic Party once dominated American politics. For decades, it occupied the White House, controlled the Senate, appointed Justices to the Supreme Court, and ran key committees in the House of Representatives. All this has changed. Its champions no longer tower as giants, as did Humphrey, Rayburn, or Johnson. Rather, they number among the seven dwarfs of the recent presidential campaign—or, like Ted Kennedy, fail even to appear at the starting gate of the most important race in American politics.

At best, liberal Democrats now appear noble. But their nobility bespeaks poverty in the coin of the political realm: the power to enact their ideals. Teddy Kennedy gains stature in part because he champions causes that appear lost. At worst, liberalism appears discredited. It appears to pander to special interests, sponsoring protective legislation on the one hand while championing public bailouts on the other. Noble or parochial, liberalism appears spent. Rarely has a hegemonic force fallen so quickly from the pinnacle of power.

Sifting through the debris, commentators fix upon different causes for the fall of liberalism. Most cite the breakup of the New Deal coalition. They stress the major shocks that polarized the Democratic Party—the civil-rights movement, for example, which split liberal intellectual from Southern white, while alienating powerful sectors of organized labor as well. They also highlight longer-term trends, such as the movement of the middle class from urban America, the shift from Rustbelt to Sunbelt, and the de-industrialization of American labor—all of which have eroded the traditional foundations of the Democratic Party.

In more self-serving accounts, other commentators celebrate the persuasive power of conservatism. Right all along, these celebrants claim, conservatism is now vindicated by its triumph over liberal orthodoxy. The long-standing dissent of journalists like Bill Buckley and academics like Milton Friedman chipped away at liberal convictions, they claim. And when inserted into the political realm by Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan, conservative ideas transformed political allegiances.

One could go on. But rather than recount the ideas of others, I would rather put forward an explanation of my own.

Liberals appear impotent, I would argue, because in important respects they are. Traditional liberalism is dead because its major policies no longer work. Like the butler in the movies, it was changes in the economy that did it. Changes in the international economy restructured domestic politics.

The oil-price shocks of the early 1970s led to a massive growth in international capital markets; at the same time, changes in technology heightened the speed with which these capital markets could respond. In the 1970s, moreover, governments abandoned the Bretton Woods system of international payments and shifted to a system of flexible exchange rates. The value of currency, rather than the stock of foreign reserves, now adjusts to changes in the balance of trade.

The old liberalism was popular because it provided a way by which governments could use political power to achieve economic prosperity. Liberals used governmental expenditures to create jobs and promote economic growth. With complete international markets and flexible exchange rates, however, governmental intervention no longer guarantees these results.

Should governmental expenditures rise—and money supplies remain unchanged—then governments have to compete for capital against private firms. The result is higher interest rates. Given the increased size and efficiency of international capital markets, higher interest rates in the United States promote an inflow of capital from abroad. Foreign money seeks access to dollar accounts. As a consequence, the value of the dollar rises against those of other currencies. A rise in the value of the dollar means that foreign goods now appear less expensive; so Americans import more. The rise in the value of the dollar also means that American products appear more expensive to foreign buyers. American industries that used to export now find themselves priced out of world markets.

Higher governmental spending thus generates higher interest rates and a stronger dollar. Given the efficiency of modern capital markets, capital adjusts more quickly than does plant, technology, or patterns of employment. And while the inflows of capital into America can and will in the long run create new jobs, in the more immediate term, the shift in the value of the currency leads to the loss of jobs as American industries cannot compete in internationally traded markets. In addition, because of higher interest rates, the cost of investing rises, therefore lowering rates of economic growth. Increased governmental spending thus threatens the classic economic goals of liberalism—employment and growth. And the declining appeal of liberal candidates suggests that the voting public recognizes this fact.

UNDER THESE circumstances, what are liberals to do? To protect jobs in industries priced out of world markets, some advocate governmental bailouts of failing firms. But to many, such policies appear like legislation on behalf of special interests. Alternatively, some liberals have turned protectionist, seeking to erect barriers against the inflow of foreign goods made cheap by the rise of the dollar. But this response divides liberal intellectuals from the worker base of the Democratic Party and sets export-oriented firms against those suffering from import competition. The forces of liberalism appear stymied and divided in the face of the challenge posed by changes in the world economy. □

Mr. Bates is Henry R. Luce professor of political science at Duke University.

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Cory's Coup

W. SCOTT THOMPSON

Jennifer Lawson

MANILA—The obvious point about the Philippine coup in its critical first half-day was the feeble military response by the armed forces to the insurgents of the Reform the Armed Forces Movement. From the vantage-point of my ninth-floor downtown office, and then from a tour around the inner perimeter of the city to various rebel attack points, it was clear that the army was not keen to respond.

Early that afternoon a Filipina political scientist, an American foundation official, and I were betting on the outcome. When we heard on the radio that at the Channel 4 TV station, which the rebels controlled, the government troops had defected rather than attack, it seemed all over. Mrs. Aquino by her weakness, her failure to deal with any of the crises afflicting the country, had invited this coup, we all felt.

Mr. Thompson is currently Fulbright Research Professor in Manila, on leave from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University.

It was at that moment that the roar of Phantom F-4s came out of the north (manifestly from Clark Air Force Base, home of the 13th Air Force) and swooped across the city's skies. Coming on the tail, as it were, of the rebels' Tora Toras of World War II vintage, the effect was indeed sensational. It was also clear to us that, no matter what else happened, the rebels had lost. American power is taken seriously in the Philippines, and this was our first overt intervention since MacArthur's return.

True, Colonel Gregorio "Gringo" Honasan's forces fought longer and harder than anybody expected; this was the hardest-fought coup anywhere in memory. The rebels expected to win, after all, and considered that the American intervention cheated them of their victory, as they were quick to state to any interviewer. It put them in an odd position, given their accusation (the justification for Colonel Honasan's first coup attempt, in August 1987) that Mrs. Aquino's government was coddling Communists and that they themselves were the champions of the Free World.

The irony is that the only winners in this coup are the New People's Army (NPA) Communist cadre in the mountains. It is fair to say that, prior to the coup, the army was seriously and systematically rooting out the NPA; it was the latest Communist domino to begin falling. I had, just before the coup, visited Negros, a Visayan island south of Manila that is the heart of the sugar industry. The Communist insurgency, which it is estimated controls about a fifth of the country's villages, is nowhere any stronger than in this feudal area of *haciendas* and poorly paid sugar cutters. Interviews with numerous defecting NPA guerrillas there, however, convinced me that the NPA had lost its mass base—that it was no longer swimming in a sea of support and had reached the point of having to maraud for food. Though it is too soon to know what actual damage the coup has inflicted on the counter-insurgency effort, one assumes the guerrillas in the mountains were the only people apart from his own men to celebrate Colonel Honasan's move.

Why did he mount the coup at this time? Only a week before, he had given an interview to a local newspaper saying that he would strike again as soon as he had a "clear signal" from the populace. The fact is that President Aquino's popularity is at an all-time low; in Manila there is garbage on every street, power brown-outs for up to six hours a day, and a transportation crisis forcing workers to spend several hours commuting each way. While the 1986 revolution against Ferdinand Marcos was fought in her name, this time none of the local actors appealing for support—including Jaime Cardinal Sin, the first to go on the air—mentioned Cory. It was loyalty to the constitution that was invoked.

The exception was what turned out to be, in the view of many columnists, the most powerful actor of them all—the United States of America. And the reason it used her name is that the embassy had little understanding of how far her support had fallen. It is all too easy for Western embassies in Third World countries to get caught up in the social whirl of an administration, nowhere more than in Manila's elegant world of the ruling *ilustrados*, the old sugar-based oligarchs who came back in droves when Gringo and his colleagues drove Marcos out of power. Before the current coup attempt a senior embassy official, after confirming that the embassy had just spent millions upgrading its security, told me that things had never been better.

The military knew they had a problem in their ranks, which is why they allowed Gringo—who was cashiered after the 1987 coup attempt but remained very popular—to roam rather freely around Manila rather than take the unpopular step of arresting him. The military were preoccupied, in any case, by the NPA insurgency. And they underestimated the extent to which Gringo was organizing. In 1987,

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the Manila commander pointed out, Gringo and his men "had the facility of actually commanding military units." In 1989 he no longer commanded the elite rangers, and everything would have to be done on the sly. As it turned out, he still could get the loyalty of the country's best troops, even from outside the ranks.

A venerable uncle of Gringo's lived in my apartment house, and Gringo came to visit him periodically, permitting me to interview him and joke about whether it was "time" yet. "You'll know when it is," he always said. Just as in 1987, he chose the day Mrs. Aquino raised gas prices, with its immediate effects on the standard of living of the poor.

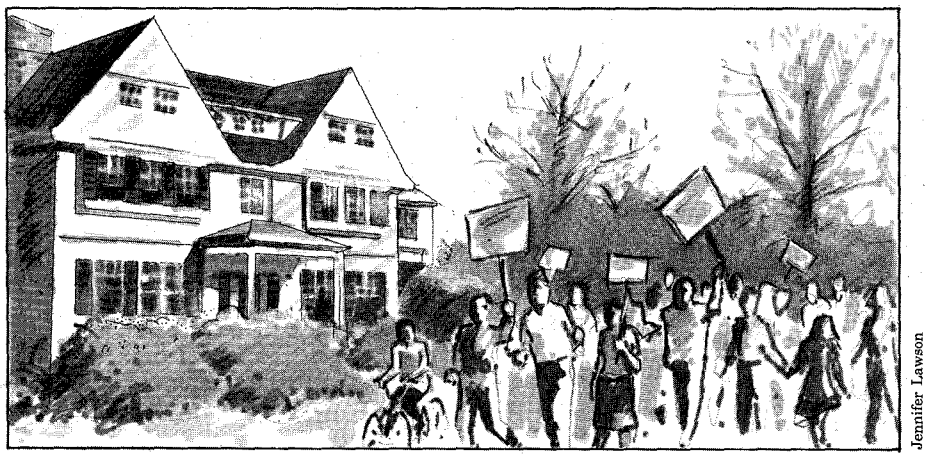
The surprise is that the coup was so hard fought and went on so long. Gringo had said that his big mistake in 1987 was being too slow to kill. "We were all willing to die, but we were not willing to kill," he said. This time, with initial control of the air, his men showed no such reluctance. But they not only misread the Americans, they misread how many Filipinos would fight, if not for Cory, then for the constitution and democratic government, especially once American support was assured.

The defense secretary, General Fidel Ramos, had chewed me out a month earlier because I had, in print, dwelt on Manila's coup fever. "I've put down five coups," he said, "and I'll put down as many more as necessary to save democracy. . . . We shall not become a banana republic." Ramos, who heads every presidential popularity poll, had intended to get to Malacanang Palace in 1992 (when Cory's term is up) the legitimate way.

It is no longer clear whether he will have that option. So great is the wreckage of this coup that he and his commanding officers may be forced to take charge to prevent the NPA from regaining past positions—and the country from falling apart. Cory's coup was a product of weakness, and no one doubts that Filipinos are now in a mood for very strong leadership indeed. □

Liberal Establishment on Tory Row

EDWARD W. WAGNER



Jennifer Lawson

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Number 113 Brattle Street is a large white gabled house with green shutters and leaded glass around the doors. It stands surrounded by million-dollar houses in the middle of an historic neighborhood just west of Harvard Square. In fact, its next-door neighbor is a national landmark, the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Mr. Wagner is a freelance writer living in Cambridge.

But the 150 or so demonstrators who, one evening a few weeks ago, marched from Harvard Square to the Brattle Street house in a candlelight procession might have recalled the street's old nickname. In the days after its wealthy residents fled to Canada at the start of the Revolutionary War, it was called Tory Row.

The demonstrators were protesting the departure of 113 Brattle Street's most recent owner, the Commonwealth Day School. Almost from the moment the school bought the property in the summer of 1988, the local residents had put on a full-court press to rid themselves of this unwanted neighbor. A petition with over two hundred names opposing the school was presented that October. When the Cambridge Zoning Appeals Board overrode objections and allowed the school to move in, a suit was brought in Massachusetts Land Court, where it languished for a year, during which time the school was prevented from holding anything more than kindergarten classes in the building. Garbage removal was reportedly held up for several weeks. The school's lawyer claimed it had received "harassing phone calls." One neighbor was seen peeking through hedges and taking photos.

Obviously the residents of Brattle Street are used to having their way, and if it hadn't been for one fact their efforts would probably not have caused much of a stir. That fact is that the students of the Commonwealth Day School were about 90 per cent black.

Who were these people who were so outraged at having a minority private school in their midst? They were members of one of the wealthiest, most powerful, and most liberal communities in Massachusetts (and therefore the country). Among the names on the petition opposing the CDS were a U.S.-appeals-court judge; a member of the board of directors of the *Boston Globe*; the president of WGBH-TV, David Ives, famous for his bow ties and his fundraising stunts; TV chef Julia Child; the local city councillor and many members of the Cambridge Civic Association, which ardently supports one of the strictest rent-control laws in the nation; the architect Graham Gund; and several Harvard professors, including Tyler Professor of Constitutional Law Laurence H. Tribe.

At the start of the current school year, still unable to hold full classes, the Commonwealth Day School threw in the towel. When it sold the property, the story hit the newspapers.

In the uproar that followed, public responses tended to come in two varieties: solemn headshaking editorials on "The Racism in Us All," with calls to "heal this terrible rift in human relations"; and derisive hoots at the "brahmins of Brattle Street" and their stuffy hypocrisy. The master of the

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RIGHT DATA

Dividends of Peace

THE PROPOSED defense cutbacks are seen by many as the first significant reduction in military spending since the end of the Vietnam War. In fact they simply reinforce a trend under way for the past four years:

THE RISE AND FALL OF DEFENSE SPENDING

	Defense Authorizations*		Defense Outlays	
Fiscal Year	Total	Weapons Procurement	As % of Budget	As % of GNP
1980	$210.1	$ 51.5	22.7%	5.0%
1985	320.0	105.1	26.7	6.4
1986	307.5	98.4	27.6	6.5
1987	304.4	84.9	28.1	6.4
1988	303.4	83.2	27.3	6.1
1989	298.8	79.2	26.2	5.8

* In billions of 1989 dollars.

Defense spending started falling in fiscal 1986. That year Congress slashed the Administration's budget request by 10 per cent, and, for the first time since the end of the Vietnam War, authorized defense spending dropped in nominal terms. By 1989 real defense-spending authority was nearly 7 per cent below its 1985 peak; weapons-procurement authority, which had doubled in real terms between 1980 and 1985, was 25 per cent lower. Defense outlays, which lag behind authorizations, started to fall relative to GNP in 1986, and as a share of the budget in 1987.

Even absent further cuts, the Reagan/Bush Administrations have already presided over both the largest defense buildup, and the largest decline, in the nation's peacetime history.

From a broader perspective, defense spending has been declining for more than a quarter of a century. During the late Fifties and early Sixties defense accounted for about 52 per cent of the federal budget, and about 10 per cent of GNP. Real defense spending fell in the years immediately following the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, and by 1970, despite the Vietnam War, defense's share of the budget fell to 42 per cent. At its post-Vietnam low, in 1978, defense accounted for only 22.8 per cent of federal spending and 4.8 per cent of GNP.

Although this earlier "peace dividend" dwarfed anything now contemplated by Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, it did not prevent the onset of higher inflation and chronically poor economic performance. The problem, of course, was that federal spending continued rising as a percentage of GNP throughout this period, as social programs more than filled the void left by defense. A $300-billion defense budget supports, directly or indirectly, between 7 and 8.5 million jobs, or roughly 6 per cent of the nation's total employment. Five states—California, Virginia, Texas, New York, and Massachusetts—account for nearly half of the value of DOD procurement contracts, and a similar share of defense-related civilian employment. Sixteen states—California, New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, Washington, Utah, New Mexico, Missouri, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Maryland, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Alaska, and Hawaii—receive more in military spending than they contribute to the defense budget in taxes.

The economic impact of defense spending is most pervasive in the research-and-development area, where approximately one-third of the nation's scientists and engineers work on DOD-sponsored projects. While many critics argue that defense R&D crowds out private-sector R&D, in fact the big surge in defense and space research during the 1950s and early 1960s, and the defense-related expansion in the 1980s, were both accompanied by strong growth in non-federal, civilian R&D. During the 1970s, when defense-related R&D was cut in real terms, civilian R&D grew more slowly.

Defense-related research is credited with the creation of entirely new civilian industries, such as computers, semiconductors, jet aircraft, nuclear power, and satellite communications. A sharp cutback would have ominous economic implications.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

second variety is the *Boston Herald*'s hired gun, Howie Carr, who in two columns called the CDS's old neighbors "rich liberal honkies" and "melanin-impaired millionaires."

The call-in shows picked up on the controversy, with callers momentarily redirecting their raillery away from Boston sports teams and Governor Dukakis. The radio talk show is, of course, now an accepted outlet for middle- and working-class rage. And the rage runs deep against elite communities such as Beacon Hill, the town of Brookline, and (parts of) Cambridge. It goes back to long before the busing fights of the Seventies. Pronouncements seem to issue from these sheltered precincts as from on high (and usually through the medium of the *Boston Globe*) against bigotry, greed, and "mean-spiritedness" (i.e., lower taxes). They are directed at the ruffianly neighborhoods of Dorchester, Charlestown, and (boo! hiss!) South Boston as well as the suburbs. Catching the folks on Brattle Street in an act of bigotry was like catching Cotton Mather in the bushes with Hester Prynne.

Those of the petition-signers who have come out of hiding to defend themselves are claiming that their real concerns were traffic and safety. But for almost fifty years before the CDS came along, the building housed a prep school, not to mention that the venerable (and lily-white) Buckingham, Browne & Nichols school is only a few blocks away. The neighbors have since welcomed with open arms something called the Lincoln Institute for Land Policy, which bought the property from the CDS, even though the city contends that the Institute may cause more traffic problems than the school would have done.

The man catching the most flak is Laurence H. (nicknamed by Carr, "Lost") Tribe, the noted authority on liberal jurisprudence and scourge of Robert Bork. Tribe, who lives in a house assessed at $807,381, is the only one so far who has asked that

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his name be removed from the petition. He now says he was misled, being told only that the building was unsafe for children. But Tribe is caught in a classic Catch 22. Did he, a lawyer, sign a petition whose implications he was completely ignorant of? And why did it take him a year, while the CDS was fighting for its life—in fact, until the story made the Boston papers—before he did anything about it? After Bork, Tribe knows that a blot on one's past can trip one up on the stroll to the Supreme Court.

Why, then, were these august citizens of Cambridge so blind to how their actions would be received? Quite apart from the question of racism, why weren't their progressive guilt detectors turned on?

Liberal *Globe* columnist Mike Barnicle may have put his finger on it when he suggested the whole controversy was a matter of "class war." It all goes back, you see, to Cotton Mather.

There are two strains of liberalism in Massachusetts: ethnic Democratic populism, and Yankee reformism. The former appeals to the temperament of the average voter; its most famous practitioner was the legendary Mayor James Michael Curley. Because of the reign of Michael Dukakis, the latter strain is currently in the ascendancy; it has always been the driving political force among the intelligentsia and the old-money types.

The trouble with Yankee reformism is that its Puritan ancestry is always lurking not far beneath the surface gloss of sociology and "good government." Like John Winthrop, the patrician liberal (whether or not patrician socially) secretly believes that he is a member of an elect; an elect with a superior political consciousness. The concept of judicial activism subscribed to by Tribe, after all, presupposes an enlightened class of legal professionals. This enlightened class goes forth to do battle against the materialistic crassness and bigotry of the middle classes and the nouveau riche. For them, that is what it *means* to be a liberal. From their cockpits in the media and the academy, they sit above the herd. And their dwelling places are sanctuaries of tolerance and sophistication.

Like the minister so intent upon rooting out sin in the souls of others that he cannot see the iniquity in his own, the residents of Brattle Street are astonished at the accusation of racism. After all, *they're* the reformers. (By the same token, to this day, Michael Dukakis doesn't understand why the people of the Commonwealth are so furious to have discovered that his administration has been even more wasteful and corrupt than the "old-style" Democratic regime of Ed King.) And it should come as no surprise that two of the signatories to the petition are members of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund Committee.

The folks of Brattle Street have thus far gotten off easy. Not so their victim. The Commonwealth Day School has left Cambridge for good. It has no permanent home and is renting space in Boston as it can find it. From a hoped-for enrollment of 150, the school is down to eight students. No one should underestimate the clout of the political aristocracy of this city. The next time it is wielded, it will be on the side of rent control and against the small landlords of Cambridge, or perhaps against housing discrimination in neighborhoods like Dorchester where folks' worries run not to traffic noise but to drugs, crime, and the value of their life's investment in their homes. That is when the hypocrisy of the brahmins of Brattle Street will be thrown back in their faces. □

The Philanthropy Boom

LESLIE LENKOWSKY & PETER FRUMKIN

Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Eight years ago, when Ronald Reagan first suggested that charitable giving could go a long way toward replacing parts of the federal budget, he was regarded as unrealistic at best, and heartless at worst. Yet, according to estimates reported recently by the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, gifts and bequests in 1988 topped the $100-billion mark, more than double what they were in 1981 and considerably more than the $83 billion the Federal Government spent to purchase non-defense goods and services. Adjusted for inflation, giving rose by a hearty 30 per cent during the 1980s, following a decade of hardly any growth at all. Indeed, the increase even exceeded the most frequently cited estimate of the amount that nonprofit organizations lost in federal grants and contracts because of budget cuts.

Still more remarkable, this explosion of generosity came at a time when many experts were predicting that changes in tax policy would reduce giving by as much as $10 billion annually. By raising the standard deduction and lowering tax rates, we reduced the financial incentive to give during the 1980s, since fewer taxpayers were likely to itemize and those who did stood to realize less in tax savings through their gifts.

Yet even after the 1986 tax reform, charitable giving from individuals—who account for more than 80 per cent of the total—has continued to grow. Indeed, last year, these gifts to help others rose at a faster rate than the amount people spent on themselves, suggesting that the incentive to give may be at least as strong as the desire to receive.

The October 1987 stock-market crash was also widely expected to cast a pall over philanthropy, especially that roughly 10 per cent which comes from corporations and foundations. And for

Mr. Lenkowsky is president of the Institute for Educational Affairs, a nonprofit organization that provides assistance to grantmakers. Mr. Frumkin is a vice president of the Institute.

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a while it did. Corporate giving did not increase in 1987 and the growth rate of foundation grants declined as well. However, in 1988, corporate contributions rose again, and foundation giving continued to go up, though at a slower pace than the year before. In any case, the slowdown did not come close to bringing contributions back to their pre-1980 levels.

TO BE SURE, charitable gifts are not always interchangeable with public spending. Nearly half of all individual contributions, for example, go to religious institutions, including houses of worship, seminaries, denominational schools, and so on. (Regular church attendance is, in fact, the best predictor of whether or not a person will give.) As a result, many argue that this money is no substitute for federal grants, relatively few of which go to sectarian organizations.

However, religious groups often sponsor foster homes, hospitals, soup kitchens and other humanitarian activities that are open to all who need them. Indeed, in some cities, surveys have shown that religious organizations are more likely to be engaged in helping the poor than are secular agencies.

In general, private funders' approach to helping the poor is usually different from the public sector's. Rather than provide income subsidies, philanthropy attempts to attack the underlying causes of poverty, such as inadequate education and broken families, by funding risky pilot projects—many of which run counter to the received notions of government policy experts. Insofar as these succeed, the need for public assistance to the poor should eventually diminish.

These differences in emphasis and approach mean that ordinary citizens and politicians are making different decisions about how to deal with important public concerns. For example, in 1988, while public spending on education rose, charitable giving went down. Conversely, private support for the arts increased by 8 per cent last year while public assistance was declining. As a result, causes can flourish that otherwise might be too controversial, or even unconstitutional, for government to support. And if government officials feel that some needy projects are getting short shrift, they can always reorder their own priorities to pick up the slack.

But the fact is that private financing has several advantages over public financing. One is that those funding a project see themselves as having a direct stake in its success. Nonprofit organizations know that they must produce demonstrable results, or they may lose their support. Sadly, these conditions are rarely encountered in the public sector, where grants tend to increase to meet the amount an agency has budgeted and where they are terminated more commonly because of politics than because of performance.

Indeed, many nonprofit organizations may already be too dependent on government support. Since the mid 1970s, nonprofits have been receiving approximately 27 per cent of their funding from the public sector. (If religious groups were excluded, the fraction would be even higher.) While many in the nonprofit community have been bemoaning federal budget cutbacks, the facts reveal a different story. From 1982 to 1986, funding of the nonprofit sector by all levels of government grew from $57.4 billion to $81.2 billion. That's a faster rate even than private support, which over the same period increased from $155.3 billion to $218.7 billion. But since a large amount of federal money came in the form of grants to individuals (such as Medicare payments) rather than as direct organizational support, nonprofits are winding up the decade slightly more beholden to those they are supposed to serve than they were at the beginning.

Not surprisingly, professional fundraisers are now doing a booming business, and in many large nonprofits, development officers are among the highest-paid employees. When gaining support becomes viewed as the market test that it is, a new discipline and responsiveness invariably surfaces. For if an organization must rely on voluntary gifts rather than on the generosity of government, it will strive harder to be productive.

Increasing reliance on private funds may also produce some other challenges to the nonprofit sector. Instead of believing that they do not have to "manage" because they are not tied to a "bottom line," nonprofits are now learning that they must be *especially* good at husbanding their resources if they are to thrive. The new, more competitive environment has already led many nonprofit organizations to establish profit-generating ventures as an additional source of funding, sometimes to the dismay of for-profit businesses in the same (or closely related) fields. Can we arrive at an equitable set of rules that would facilitate such money-raising without giving unfair advantages to nonprofits? The jury is still out, but Congress has already started looking at this issue in the context of the "Unrelated Business Income Tax" which nonprofits must pay on certain earnings in order to maintain their tax-exempt status.

Despite the boom in giving in this decade, it's unlikely that private philanthropy will ever—or should ever—*fully* replace public spending. There are some activities which, because of their cost or the authoritative backing they require, can only be provided by the government. But philanthropy can—and in the 1980s, it did—play a more vigorous and creative role in American life. For those who were skeptical when Ronald Reagan suggested this possibility, and joked when George Bush rhapsodized about a "thousand points of light," the magnitude of what Americans give to charity offers a powerful rejoinder. □

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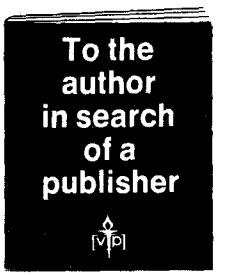

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THE DISAPPEARING COWBOY

The Rise and Fall Of the Western

The true Western, whether book or movie, was more than entertainment; it was an encapsulation of the American myth. That's why the spaghetti Western is more than just aesthetic blight.

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

A NATION which loses its myths is in danger of losing its soul. Just as the legends of King Arthur were "the Matter of Britain," so Westerns have been the Matter of America; which is why what's happened to the Western is no trivial affair. That something *has* happened is surely beyond dispute, the clearest proof being the simple absence from the screen of new Western films or series; today's predominantly youthful audiences are supposed not to be interested. The alleged exceptions prove the rule. Not only are they treated as coelacanths, rare survivals from another age, but they are advertised as possessing qualities incompatible with the traditional form. *Lonesome Dove*, we were told, "strips the glamor from the Old West": *The Young Guns* had "brat-pack" appeal.

But mere absence isn't all. A worm had already entered the apple.

The early writers of Westerns had ridden the range and carried six-shooters, or at least known men who did. There were plenty of people still around who remembered scenes no less colorful than those being woven into the mythology. "It's a fine big country now," observed an old-timer in a television documentary about the West, "but, by golly, wouldn't it be fun to pull it all down and start right over again."

From facts to legend was a very short move. No Hollywood scriptwriter could have improved on the advertisement actually published in San Francisco when the Pony Express was launched: "WANTED—Young skinny wiry fellows, not over 18. Must be expert riders willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages $25 per week." The Pony Express operated for only 18 months before being put out of business by the completion of the transcontinental telegraph: but it was immediately transmuted into the stuff of legend.

"In the beginning," someone wrote, "the frontier was a fringe of trees five yards in from the Atlantic shore." For a long time afterward tales which seem to us like Westerns were merely adventure stories with a setting which, though wild, had no particular identity. The Western as a distinct literary form was really an embodiment of Horace Greeley's celebrated exhortation, "Go West, young man!" Bret Harte and Mark Twain, who did go West to seek their fortunes, marked out the territory, and Theodore Roosevelt's *The Winning of the West* turned what had often been a rather patronizing Easterners' view into an epic vision.

IN 1902 Owen Wister, a dude from Philadelphia, produced what is, by common consent, the first true Western novel, *The Virginian*, containing many of the genre's basic elements and one phrase—"When you say that, smile"—which stuck in everyone's mind. Zane Grey, who was inspired by *The Virginian*, Clarence E. Mulford, who created Hopalong Cassidy, and William MacLeod Raine, who was English-born but grew up in the West, led the thundering herd that followed.

Meanwhile the myth had been shaped by a variety of hands. In 1870, six years before Custer's defeat at the Little Bighorn, Wild Bill Hickok himself transported six buffaloes, four Comanches, and a bear to Niagara Falls, where he presented a show called "The Daring Buffalo Chase of the Plains": but the buffaloes failed to cooperate, the bear proved disappointingly tame, and the Indians complained of not being paid. Wild Bill returned to Kansas and his own place in the legend. Twelve years later Bill Cody bought the Deadwood coach, took it to North Platte, Nebraska, and staged a show featuring a holdup, a buffalo chase, whooping savages, and the last-minute rescue of a pioneer fam-

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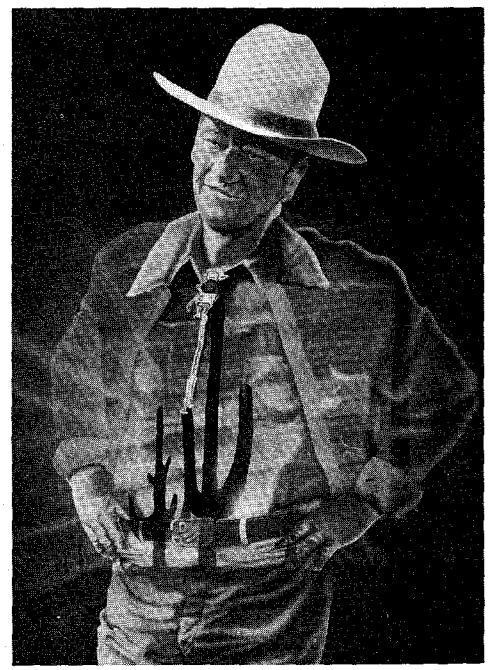
ily. He followed it with a more lavish production, called originally "The Wild West Rocky Mountain and Prairie Exhibition" but afterward, more snappily, "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." He brought it to England, where he played in front of Queen Victoria.

The first of 1,700 dime novels by Ned Buntline, who coined the name "Buffalo Bill," was on sale as early as 1869. Prentiss Ingram, having acted briefly as Cody's press agent, launched a rival series, of which a typical specimen was called *Adventures of Buffalo Bill from Boyhood to Manhood. Deeds of Daring and Romantic Incidents in the Life of William F. Cody, the Monarch of the Bordermen*. Edward L. Wheeler created an alternative heroic cycle—about Deadwood Dick. Such simple narratives were still being churned out in the 1930s, with titles like *Buffalo Bill's False Trail* and *At War with the Sioux, a Tale of Redskin Rage and Paleface Pluck*.



Artists had established the look of the West. Rufus F. Zogbaum's *Hands Up!* was reproduced by *Harper's Weekly* in 1885. The following year *Harper's* published Frederic Remington's first important cowboy picture, *In from the Night Herd*. Currier and Ives issued a pair of etchings, *The Last Shot* and *The Emigrant Train*. What became the most widely seen picture of all, *Custer's Last Fight*, was acquired by Anheuser–Busch in part-payment of a debt, and distributed in lithograph form to saloons across the country.

Songs had influence too; "The Chisholm Trail," "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," "Home on the Range." Dr. Brewster Rigley, who wrote the words of "Home on the Range" sitting on a fallen tree beside a log cabin in Kansas, was not among the world's great poets.

Oh, give me the gale of the Solomon Vale
Where light streams with buoyancy flow;
On the banks of the Beaver, where seldom, if ever,
Any poisonous herbage doth grow.

But he did teach us that, in the paradisal West, even "a discouraging word" was rare. A Denver journalist named Arthur Chapman, after a debate about what the definition of "the West" should be, offered his own:

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer—
That's where the West begins.

Again, hardly great poetry, but it promulgated an idea. In a phrase made famous by Zane Grey, there was a "code of the West." Cowboys were chivalric. Western mythology, like the Arthurian cycle, had acquired a high moral tone.

Thirty years ago, reviewing Jack Schaefer's *First Blood*, I wrote that it was "morally invigorating": reading it again, I think so still. It's about growing up and learning responsibility ("When there's something that's got to be done and there's no one else to do it, do it"), about the conflict between friendship and duty, and about learning to drive the stagecoaches ("There never was and there never will be anything quite like it, the sweet singing satisfaction of driving willing horses and a well-built coach, the wind in your face and the hooves drumming and the wheels rolling rolling rolling into the receding horizon . . .").

First Blood, strangely, has never been filmed. Schaefer's masterpiece, *Shane*, which surely comes close to being the perfect Western, is no less fine as a book than as a film: but in general the movies actually deepened and enriched this form of literature. "Stage to Lordsburg" by Ernest Haycox and "The Tin Star" by John M. Cunningham are excellent, tightly written stories, but they lack the unforgettable power of *Stagecoach* and *High Noon*, which were made from them. Louis L'Amour, whom President Reagan was delighted to honor with the Medal of Freedom (and the rage of the literary establishment was a joy to behold), wrote more than one hundred fast-moving tales and was proud of their authenticity: but the 45 or so which were translated to the screen reached, and appealed to, far more people than just those who read cowboy stories. To talk about Westerns, from the 1930s onward, is to talk mainly about Western films.

So huge has been the impact of this uniquely American genre that choosing the ten best Western films is a parlor game that almost every adult in the civilized world can play. Let's play it: *Shane*, *High Noon*, *Stagecoach*, *The Plainsman*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *The Searchers*, *Destry Rides Again*, *The Virginian*, *Northwest Passage*, and *Red River*. (What about *My Darling Clementine*, *The Gunfighter*, *Drums along the Mohawk* . . . ? Decisions, decisions.) Each of these splendid films has, at its core, a moral issue or at least a challenge to the human spirit, the resolution of which, as John Wayne said in *The Alamo*, "speaks well for men."

With morals go politics, since Westerns are about the building of a nation. Naturally enough the morals and politics of the Western tend to be those on which Americans most pride themselves. Characteristically too, while physical backgrounds have been scrupulously reproduced, historical events and persons are dragged into service with a cavalier disregard for pedantic accuracy. In a film called *Texas Lady*, starring Claudette Colbert, the villains are warned by a wise old judge that "nothing can stop the force of the people." He tells them: "I remember some names from the books

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I've read—of men who tried. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon. They wouldn't read the signs either." Of course the villains pay no heed, and perish like those earlier anti-democrats.

Because its scriptwriter, Carl Foreman, was blacklisted, *High Noon* has been misappropriated by the Left as an attack on McCarthyism, although it could more obviously be considered an indictment of pacifism and the feebleness of the masses. But Westerns are usually regarded as vaguely right-wing, because they proclaim the merits of individual freedom, self-help, and private property. On the other hand, they are unequivocally in favor of progress, democracy, and "the people."

WESTERN HEROES, however reluctant to get involved, always in the end side with revolutionaries against the established power, whether of the Mexican army or a cattle baron. In the clash between cattlemen and farmers, the open range versus the barbed-wire fence, they invariably champion the homesteader. Although in *Shane*, for once, the villain is allowed a strong, angry speech in his own defense ("We made this country. We found it and we made it. With blood and empty bellies. Some of us died doing it, but we made it . . ."), the standard reply, addressed by the herbivores to the carnivores, that "your kind of days are over" is automatically assumed to be a good thing.

There is a basic ambivalence. Westerns depend on a romantic view of the lone rider and the wild frontier town, but they favor the coming of schools and churches, regulations and taxes. John Wayne must shoot Liberty Valance so that James Stewart may become a senator. The great moment in *Shane* is when the rescuing stranger finally straps on his gun ("A gun is a tool, Marian, as good or as bad as the man using it"), but increasingly, in postwar Westerns, the hero, having killed the villain, was inclined to discard his gunbelt, dropping it disgustedly to the ground. Such renunciation is unsatisfactory, aesthetically dishonest. The knight of the range ought not to throw away his sword.

This ambivalence finds a sort of solution in a Whiggish attitude to history, a presumption that all change is ultimately for the better and that the majority interest should, and will, prevail. With one big exception. In old Westerns, as in the old West, there were no scruples about racism. "Johnny carefully drew his Colt and covered the Mexican," wrote Clarence Mulford in *Hopalong Cassidy*, "for he hated 'Greasers' instinctively." But in the 1950s the doctrine of progress collided with a newer fashion. To the question, "When are the Indians going to win a battle?" the traditional answer was, "When Indians make the movies." The actual answer turned out to be, "When liberals make the movies." Almost overnight, ruthless redskins were transformed into an oppressed Third World people.

Noble savages have had their role ever since Fenimore Cooper, but, because Westerns were an epic of the pioneer and the settler, Indians were primarily a threat and an obstacle. Congress felt no qualms, in 1859, about commissioning a mural entitled *Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way*, which shows a band of pioneers, at the crest of a mountain pass, looking joyfully toward the setting sun. "Empire" was not then a dirty word, and there was little inclination to do what Dr. Johnson called "counting in favor of savages." Many classic films maintained a fair balance, until the modern obsession tipped it over, replacing the dignified relationship between the old cavalry officer and the old chief in *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* with the disgusting shambles of *Soldier Blue*. The Indian-loving stance of *Broken Arrow*, which had seemed a novelty in 1950, became the new cliché.

It could nevertheless be said of the Western, as Bruce Catton said about the myth of the South's lost cause in the Civil War, that the legend has served America well, softening old conflicts by presenting them through a veil, elevating them into a realm where they were no longer explosive, transforming them into the stuff of romance.

The golden-age Western, like the golden-age detective story, was not violent; violent incidents might be essential to the plot but they were ritualized, because violence was never the point. It was all conspicuously innocent: and innocence finally attracted the tempter. Sergio Leone, accustomed to the harshness and crudities of Italian cinema, believed Hollywood was missing a commercial trick by no longer satisfying the popular demand for minimalist tales of blood and revenge. So he created the "spaghetti Western," corpse-strewn, amoral, unromantic.

LEONE WAS RIGHT. There is indeed a huge international audience for this kind of thing; an audience that laughs at scenes of slaughter. Where he was wrong was in supposing that the Hollywood Western, in its pristine form, had ever been crude in such a thoroughly un-American way. But bad currency drives out good. *A Fistful of Dollars* and its graceless offspring infected the native American product. Clint Eastwood's *Pale Rider*, for example, has been described as a reworking of *Shane*; which it is, *Shane* soured and coarsened. Whereas *Shane* began with a deer threatened only by a child's toy gun, *Pale Rider* begins with the slaughter of a cow and a pet dog. Whereas in *Shane* there was precisely one killing and one gunfight, *Pale Rider* is crammed with brutality from start to finish.

The most worrying aspect is that so many filmgoers and critics appear scarcely to have noticed, or not to mind, the extent of this degeneracy. They talk as though Sergio Leone and Clint Eastwood differed only marginally from John Ford and Gary Cooper, as though the gloomy killings in Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* belonged in the same aesthetic world as the solitary hero's reluctant but triumphant battle in *High Noon*. They seem unaware that the two categories, the American Western and the spaghetti or post-spaghetti Western, are virtually moral opposites. Where

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Today's Embattled Cowboys

IF THE environmentalists and the Washington bureaucrats have their way, there may never again be an event like the centennial cattle drive that took place in Montana this Labor Day weekend.

Various soothsayers, in the media and elsewhere, were predicting that the 288 wagons and 2,700 head of cattle, accompanied by 2,400 riders and 3,500 horses, would never make it the sixty miles from Roundup into Billings. But the cowboys refused to listen to these discouraging words.

A herd of media from all over the United States—plus reporters from France, the Soviet Union, Japan, and Germany—bounced along in the wagons or accumulated saddle sores as they gathered the news. But one rider had come a long way to be there and yet was right at home: freshman Senator Conrad Burns (R., Mont.). The day before, he had been in London, meeting with Queen Elizabeth. As Burns told the story, she had asked him why he was at her court and not on the big cattle drive she had been hearing about; he assured her he was flying back and would be there the next day. After trading his three-piece suit for cowboy hat, blue jeans, and plaid shirt, the senator joined the rest of the cowboys eating dust and baking in the brilliant Montana sun. The senator summed it up like this: "There is a little bit of cowboy in all of us. The cowboy's kind of spirit is held in high esteem among free people."

As we rode along the trail across the vast open prairies, I asked many of the cowboys how they felt about outside pressures on the region. They all gave pretty much the same answer, which could be summed up as: "We are the true environmentalists. Our livelihood depends on proper care and management of our rangeland. We don't need others to come in and tell us how to manage it." Or as Senator Burns put it: "Nobody on God's green earth knows more about what it takes to harvest a renewable resource than these folks right here."

But that's not the view from Washington. The range wars will resume when Congress comes back in session; legislation condemning private land and creating an "American Heritage Trust" is sure to be brought up again.

Bills pending in both the House and the Senate would create a fund of $1 billion a year to transfer private land to the public sector. Another piece of legislation threatening private landowners would make the National Park Service Director a presidential appointee not accountable to Congress or the Department of the Interior—virtually giving him an independent fiefdom.

Much of the West is already under government control: 87 per cent of Nevada is government-owned, 64 per cent of Utah and Idaho, 50 per cent of Wyoming, 49 per cent of Oregon, and 36 per cent of Colorado. In Montana—in some ways still the last frontier—we see government (which already owns 30 per cent of the state) vying with Japanese investors, media giants, movie stars, and other millionaires to buy up what is left of our agricultural land. At the same time the young people whose families have loved and worked the land are moving to other areas of enterprise, to be replaced by imports with a liberal background and agenda.

Our country was founded on the sort of "can do" spirit that our cowboys exemplify. If they are put out of work by the bureaucratic centralizers, we will have lost a lot more than a picturesque image out of our past.

—HERTHA L. LUND

Miss Lund is a freelance writer living in Montana.

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the old Westerns were compassionate, the new Westerns are callous: American Westerns were lyrical, spaghetti Westerns are ugly.

A recent echo of what Westerns used to be comes unexpectedly in a book by the British comic writer George Macdonald Fraser, who, though himself a historian and corrosively unsentimental, admires the Hollywood school of history. In *Flashman and the Redskins* the rascal-hero is leading out a wagon-train:

> That's a moment I remember still: behind lay the woods with the smoke haze rising from Westport: left and right, and as far ahead as the eye could see, was limitless rolling plain, dotted with clumps of oaks and bushes, the grass blowing gently in the breeze and fleecy clouds against a blue sky that seemed to stretch forever. Below, the wagons crawled along the trail, its furrows running clear and straight to the far horizon, where you could just see the last wagon of the caravan ahead. And I absolutely laughed aloud—why, I can't tell, except that in that moment I felt free and contented and full of hope, with my spirits bubbling as high as they've ever done in my life. Others, I know, have felt the same thing about starting on the trail west; there's an exhilaration, a sense of leaving the old, ugly world behind, and that there's something splendid waiting for you to go and find it, out yonder. I wonder if I'd feel it now, or if it happens only when you're young, and have no thought for the ill things that may lie along the way.

There you have the whole essence—youth recollected, hope undimmed, the land of beginning again, morning in America; everything we loved in real Westerns and find totally missing in spaghetti Westerns. This difference holds, for me at least, another special meaning. It represents most vividly my deepest reason, an instinctive reason, for wanting Britain close to America rather than entangled in continental Europe. I want to share the values of John Ford, not those of Sergio Leone.

But does the contrast still apply? If American audiences really have lost interest in the heroic legends of their country, so much the worse for America. If they now prefer violence to chivalry, they have become like the false knights who trample on the Round Table at the end of *Camelot*. I just hope it isn't true. An American who preferred spaghetti Westerns to proper Westerns would be as shocking as an Englishman who preferred bullfighting to cricket. Very bad days would have come to Black Rock. □

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WINTER IN MOSCOW

Gorbachev's Long Journey

Is Soviet reform moving too fast or not fast enough? Both, say those who, to their sorrow, know the situation best. The failure of perestroika *has laid the sticks of political dynamite; the efficiency of* glasnost *may light the fuse.*

RICHARD GRENIER

Moscow—"Dmitri Yazov?" my Russian host said of the Soviet defense minister, whom I'd recently met. "If you hitched him up to a brain-wave machine you'd get a flat line on the monitor. Brain dead. With a Moscow taxidriver you'd get some oscillation, but the Politburo? Flat. Nothing in the stores, panic buying, inflation, hoarding, and they don't have the faintest idea what to do."

Although I last visited Moscow only 12 months ago, I had never heard such naked contempt for the Communist regime from a Soviet citizen. And I hardly knew my host, a scientist, not involved in politics, no refusenik or dissenter. Yet he made no secret of his feelings as we drove through downtown Moscow.

"Oh, we've *glasnost* about the past now," he continued sourly. "But how about the future? What do you expect from these people? They study Marxism–Leninism. Have you heard of the latest dissertation from the Marx–Engels–Lenin Institute? A startling revelation: Marx was not married to Friedrich Engels. A revolutionary discovery!" He laughed sardonically.

The atmosphere in Moscow has changed drastically in the last year, and in ways that have little to do with the disintegration of the Soviet colonial empire. The joke in Budapest and Warsaw is that the Soviet economy is naturally worse, "but the Russians are used to it," meaning more submissive to authority. But the sudden advent of a historically unprecedented level of free expression in the Soviet Union—with a spectacular drop in what I call the "fear factor"—has produced a sharp reduction in Russian submissiveness. Moscow is in a rage about the empty shops and lowered standard of living. Those with entrepreneurial skills hate the system for holding them back. Those without, hate the successful few for moving forward. Mikhail Gorbachev, I suspect, thought the Soviet people would be grateful for the new freedoms. But they're not. Above all, they want economic progress, and what they've gotten to date is ominous regression.

THERE ARE new faces in Russia now. Sergei Stankevich is a bright light of the Supreme Soviet's new oppositional "Inter-Regional Group," which includes Andrei Sakharov and Boris Yeltsin; his doctoral dissertation, he told me, was on the U.S. Congress under Richard Nixon. On the night of November 13, Stankevich came within two votes of forcing onto the legislative agenda the abolition of the Soviet constitution's notorious Article 6, which reserves a monopoly of power for the Communist Party. Vitaly Korotich, editor of the weekly *Ogonyok* (little flame) and another member of the Inter-Regional Group, feels the country's curse is the Communist bureaucracy's 18 million members. "What to do with them?" he asks in jovial exasperation. "Five hundred such people would destroy the economy of the United States!"

Vladislav Starkov, editor of the daily *Argumenti i Facti* (arguments and facts)—zooming to a staggering thirty-million circulation while that of *Pravda* (truth) is dropping fast to five million—admits that people's heightened expectations have led to an explosive situation. Gorbachev tried to remove Starkov for publishing an informal poll showing that the most popular leaders in the country were Sakharov and Yeltsin. He backed down only when Starkov's entire staff threatened to resign in protest, but at this writing he has again

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moved to dismiss him. Dmitri Zakharov, anchor of the sensational Soviet television program *Vzglyad* (glance), has prepared a broadcast on the Bolshevik extermination of the Czar's family in which he'll cite as the number of Stalin's victims: 66 million. His authority? Just published in Russian? *The Guinness Book of World Records*. (The 66-million figure is in fact from Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*.)

Stankevich, the Nixon scholar, favors full parliamentary democracy and all forms of private property, including the means of production (thereby violating the deepest Marxist taboo), but feels strict rationing is now inevitable. Korotich is certain that any alternative to Gorbachev would be far worse but puts the number of those bitterly hostile to *perestroika* (i.e., Soviet bureaucrats and their families) at sixty million. Starkov admits that many Soviet citizens still support Stalinism, and that he is "under pressure" (an understatement, given Gorbachev's enmity) and does not exclude a military coup d'état.

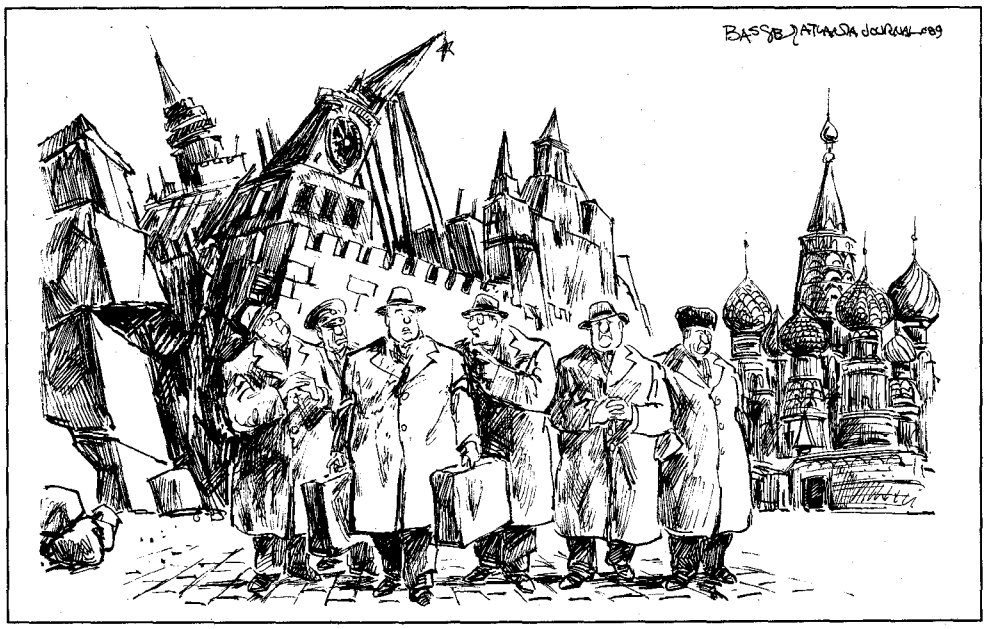
I came to the Soviet Union knowing that in the past year it has seen a steep economic decline, but thinking the substantially enlarged freedoms might have brought hope. I now take a darker view.

On a side street near Moscow's City Hall is a nondescript edifice, seemingly an apartment building or the offices of a state enterprise. No neon lights are to be seen outside, no sign, no evidence of function. You knock on the door. It opens. A few more steps, if you pass muster, and you're in another world. It's a secret hotel for the use of a Soviet constituent republic's high officials during their stays in Moscow, and it is filled with marvels. Outside on the streets of Moscow, the shops are empty, with drastic national shortages of soap, toothpaste, detergent, sugar, salt, meat, fish, milk, dairy products, fruit, vegetables. But here there is everything, of high quality, and at stunningly low prices. Outside, ordinary Moscow citizens have little meat, if any; it's miserable and costly, and lines are long. But a steak dinner at this secret hotel costs exactly 21 kopeks, which at the official exchange rate comes to slightly over three cents—not bad, even on Soviet wages.

Not that the people who stay at this secret hotel earn low wages, for it's reserved for the Communist elite or other Soviet citizens having *blat* (connections). Ordinary Soviet out-of-towners don't stay at this hotel. In fact, ordinary out-of-towners don't come to Moscow at all. For without rank, or *blat*, there are usually no seats on planes or trains. And *moving* to Moscow, except for the well-connected or extremely shrewd, is impossible. It should never be forgotten that in the vast nether regions inhabited by the bulk of the Soviet population, life is so bleak that Moscow, drab to Western eyes, is a dream of heaven.

Privilege is the bone and sinew of the Soviet ruling class. And a venomous envy of anyone better off is one of the profound legacies of Soviet-style socialism. This makes the proposed Soviet shift to an economy with market elements highly problematical even if well carried out. It is resisted not only by the Party elite, determined to keep its privileges, but by millions of ordinary Soviet citizens, dreading economic uncertainty.

For *perestroika*, despite the glamor that still attaches to the word in the West, is being implemented here with excruciating clumsiness, producing real hardship. A year ago a tiny but much-flattered branch of the economy was the new entrepreneurial "collective" sector, but Gorbachev has slammed into reverse and the collectives are now offered as a scapegoat to a resentful Soviet public. More and more the menacing refrain is heard: "We lived better under Brezhnev." And a grim new joke is circulating: "A year ago we were on the brink, but since then we have taken a step forward."



"He'll understand, Mikhail. Tell the Pope we're not collapsing, just going through a reformation."

When Mikhail Gorbachev left for his summit conference in Malta with President Bush, Moscow was filled with rumors that during his absence he would be overthrown by a Kremlin coup like the one 25 years ago that ended Nikita Khrushchev's "thaw." Where these rumors were coming from was unclear. Were they from the Soviet bureaucracy that's been fighting Gorbachev's reform tooth and nail? Or were they filtering up from the disgruntled Soviet populace that has so far gotten nothing from *perestroika*. With material living conditions dropping so alarmingly, Aleksandr Kabakov, an editor of *Moscow News*, gives the chances of a military coup as fifty–fifty.

Critics attack from every direction. For *glasnost*—unlike *perestroika*—has really yielded results, produc-

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ing an unprecedented degree of political discussion. Critics of *perestroika* say introducing market elements into a command economy is like grafting the head of a fox onto the body of a rabbit. Democratic reformers think democracy and the introduction of market elements haven't gone far enough. They want an economy that is all fox. But does this reform group have the critical support of the military and the KGB? And another factor: many of these reformers (particularly Yeltsin) were elected out of popular rage against the material privileges and corruption of the Soviet elite. But transition to a full market economy would bring other inequalities—a newly affluent business class, whose higher incomes and living standard would provoke equally fierce resentment. This argument is put forward by another school of critics, who caused a great commotion when they stated their case in the celebrated reformist journals *Novy Mir* and *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. While supporting Gorbachev, as better than any likely alternative, they think the only way he can get through this agonizing transitional period is by assuming dictatorial powers and ruling by decree. The extreme democratic reformers, they feel, are naïve, because the Soviet people won't put up with the economic hardships that are in store.

The most eloquent spokesman for this new "authoritarian" solution is Andranik Migranyan of the Moscow Institute for the Study of World Socialist Systems, a particularly influential government research organization. There are even hints that Migranyan has the backing of Gorbachev himself. To pass directly from totalitarianism to democracy is impossible, says Migranyan, who has read Jeane Kirkpatrick. The time has come in Moscow, he says, for an authoritarian regime "of the Right" as the only system capable of shifting the country from its present state of economic regression and angry resentment to a pluralistic society based on a market economy.

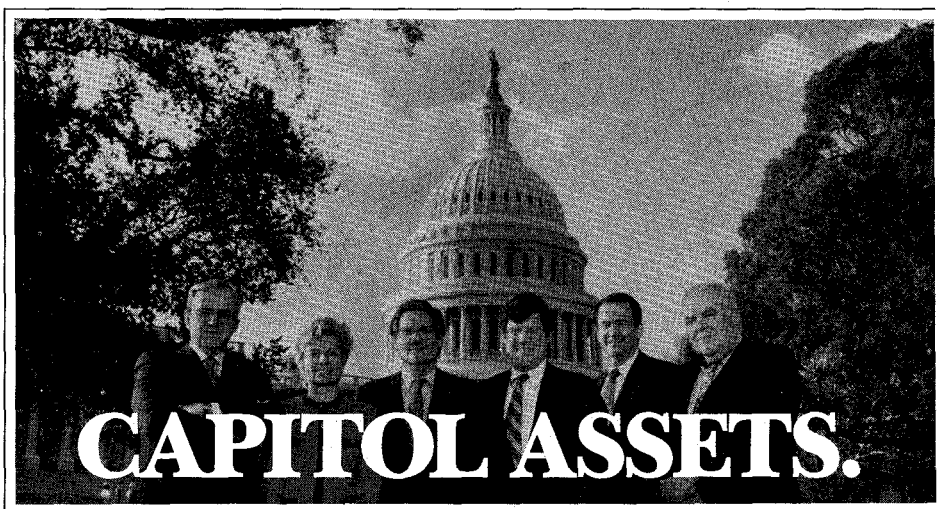
The Institute for the Study of World Socialist Systems seems an odd place to produce such an analysis, but Migranyan has not been spending his time thinking up ever more beautiful socialist dream worlds. In fact, he has not been studying socialist systems at all, but societies evolving toward full democracy. Like Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Migranyan has concluded that democracy evolves only from right-wing authoritarian regimes with flourishing market economies. He'd like nothing better than to have the Soviet Union mutate, in a transitional phase, into Franco's Spain or Chiang Kai-shek's Taiwan.

But dismantling a totalitarian system from inside, as he warns, is historically unprecedented. A totalitarian society, in which "the Party swallows the state" and "the state swallows society," has no democratic tradition. Held together only by police terror, when a totalitarian state relaxes its grip all kinds of vicious clashes appear: ethnic, religious, economic.

BUT THE BIGGEST obstacle to economic progress, he says boldly—even greater than ethnic hatred—is socialism's equalitarian ethos, however hypocritically observed by Soviet authorities. It makes the Soviet population rabidly intolerant of the visible inequalities of a market economy, particularly in the early stages before it has attained its vaunted higher levels of production. Russia therefore can't just "jump to full democracy," he stresses. Boris Yeltsin (although admittedly evolving) he calls a "neo-Bolshevik," an economic leveler. Yeltsin's populist supporters think that if you just "abolish elite stores and hospitals and jail corrupt Party bureaucrats all problems will be solved." Migranyan calls this demagoguery.

The future, according to Andranik Migranyan? If Gorbachev doesn't take "emergency powers" and institute a market economy by decree, there are only two possibilities: 1) the situation will go wildly out of control with unpredictable results as in 1917, or 2) conservative forces in the army, Communist Party, or KGB will bring him down.

And all will be as before. □



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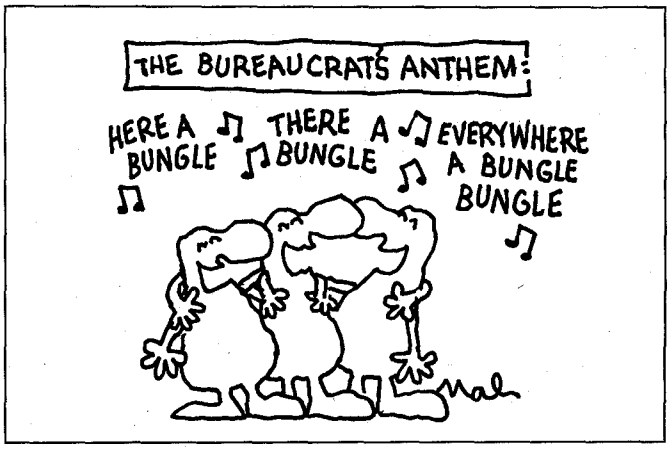
help

"No, we're a left-*wing death squad violating the Arias peace plan. Right-wing death squads violating human rights are thataway . . ."*

Gorbachev as Inadvertent Santa

Budapest is pleased as punch,
  Going democratic.
Warsaw's wired, "Thanks a bunch."
  East Berlin's ecstatic.
Meanwhile, over Moscow's mists,
  Flying home with Prancer,
Santa peers at Christmas lists
  That are hell to answer.

W. H. VON DREELE



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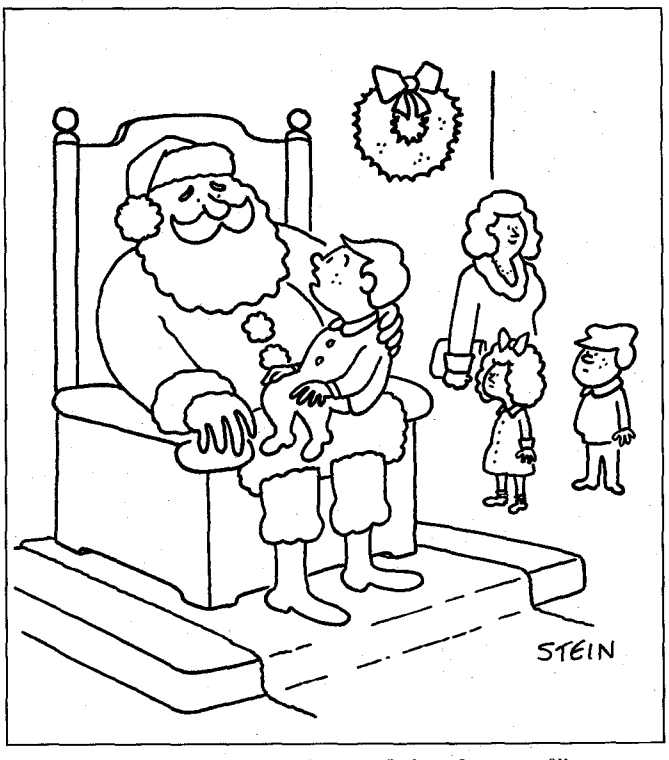

"Didn't you get the list I faxed to you?"

"I assure you, madam—all 36 minks died of natural causes."

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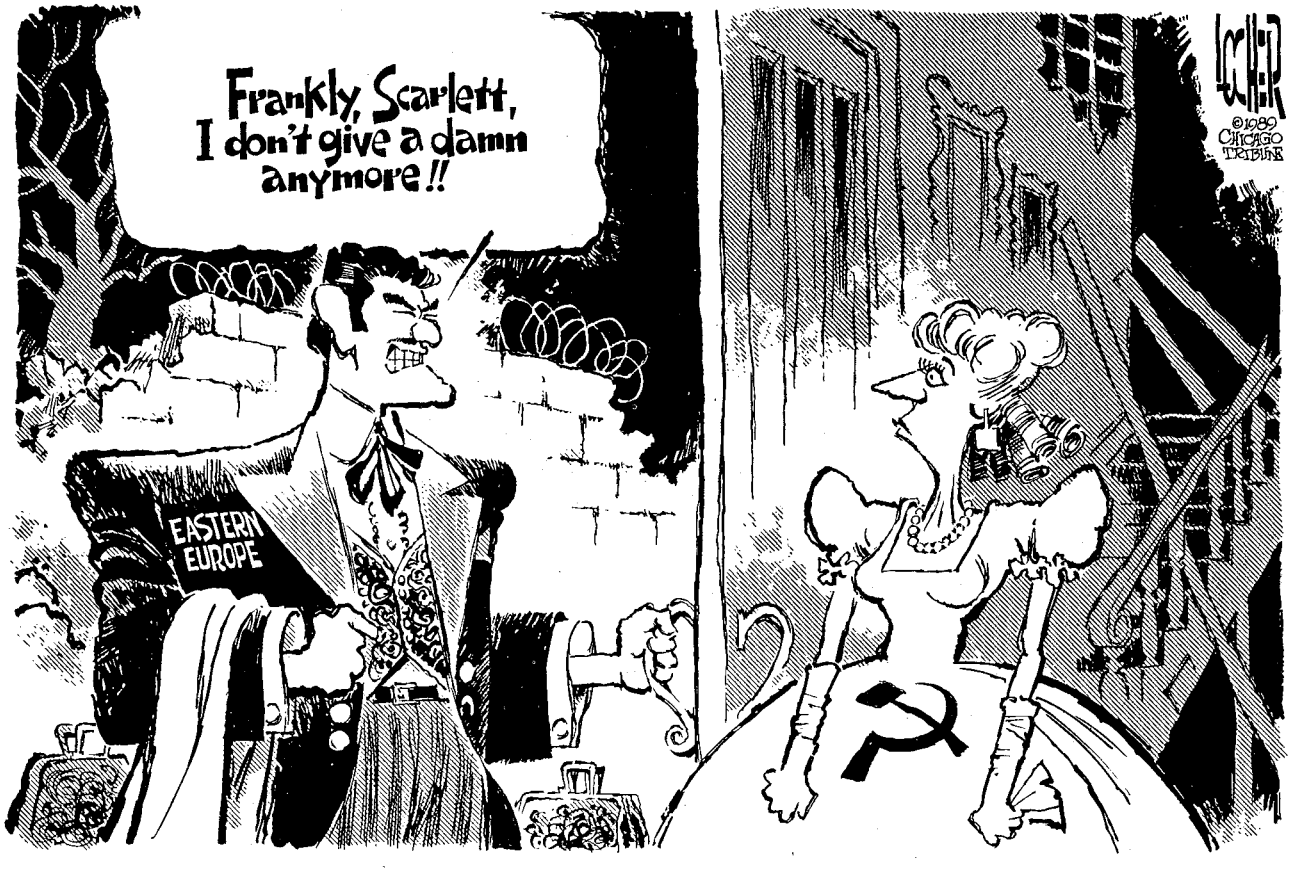

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AT THE NEW YORK TIMES

Those Turbulent Bishops

The New York Times *is all for religious freedom—except when a religious body draws certain moral implications from its beliefs. Then it had better check its principles at the door to the public arena.*

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

HENRY II had one Becket, but a batch of bishops is disturbing the peace of the *New York Times*. The editors' complaint is substantively indistinguishable from the railings of the late Paul Blanshard in his notorious 1949 book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. Recent editorials and op-ed pieces suggest that the *Times* is reviving the anti-Catholic bigotry that many thought had been laid to rest in the last several decades.

Consider an op-ed piece written by a former priest arguing that, with the crumbling of Communist tyrannies, the Pope will end up being the last dictator in Europe. Or consider an October 20 editorial, "Catholics, Condoms, and AIDS." The bishops criticized the promotion of condoms because, they said, it is, "in effect, promoting behavior which is morally unacceptable." This made the *Times* very unhappy. "Every religion," the editors generously allowed, "has the right to set its own doctrine without interference." Then they quickly add, "But when doctrine affects public health, that's everyone's business."

The implication is that the rights of religion end at the edge of the public arena. Condoms, the editors assert, are required "particularly among the populations most at risk," meaning promiscuous homosexuals, bisexuals, and intravenous drug users. "An infected person who does not use condoms endangers the lives of others. How can that be morally acceptable?" the *Times* asks. The bishops' answer is that it is not morally acceptable, but what is not morally acceptable is the sexual activity itself. What is not morally acceptable to the *Times* is that the bishops should persist in their quaint belief that people should not engage in illicit sexual intercourse. The editors proceed to instruct the bishops on their responsibility: "Their duty to the wider community is to ensure that Catholics who may choose not to follow doctrine do not endanger the lives of others."

One wonders how the counsel of the bishops can "ensure" the behavior of people who are determined to ignore the counsel of the bishops. The *Times* wants the bishops to help people to sin safely, while the bishops want to help people not to sin. A perhaps unbridgeable gap between the two is that the bishops believe sin offends a majesty higher than "public health," higher even than the *New York Times*. This is unacceptable to the *Times*, and the editors returned to the attack with "The Bishop and the Truce of Tolerance" on Sunday, November 26. If pleasure is permitted where he is now, Paul Blanshard must be pleased.

WITH "Truce of Tolerance" the ante is upped. While the *Times* is editorially devoted to routinized rutting, it is positively obsessed by the "right" to abortion. At their Baltimore meeting, the bishops did some plain speaking about the "unspeakable crime" (Vatican Council II) of abortion. They declared, "No Catholic can responsibly take a 'pro-choice' stand when the 'choice' in question involves the taking of innocent human life." A few days after the meeting, Bishop Leo Maher of San Diego notified a member of the state Assembly, one of California's more prominent pro-abortionists, that she was barred from Communion. An outraged *Times* indicated that such an action imperils the continued, and ever so fragile, toleration of Catholics in American public life.

Once again, the editors begin by acknowledging the existence of the First Amendment, noting that "outsiders have no business challenging Bishop Leo Maher's religious authority to take such action." But he and

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other bishops need to be alerted to the risk they are running in exercising their authority. Americans elected a Catholic President only after John Kennedy passed the religious test by assuring the Baptist clergy of Houston, "I do not speak for the church and the church does not speak for me." The editors hold up Mario Cuomo as another Catholic who passes the test. Since 1960 it has become more evident that John Kennedy was, to put it gently, not a very conscientious Catholic, and since the *Webster* decision Governor Cuomo has abandoned "personally-opposed-but" and come out flatly favoring the right to abortion. In the view of the *Times*, the only good Catholic is a bad Catholic.

The editors assert that, if the bishops continue on their present course, "many non-Catholic Americans may once again be moved to withhold their trust from Catholic candidates who could no longer credibly promise to follow the Kennedy and Cuomo examples." They add that "forced obedience to a religious political agenda could thus prove costly to all." And, just to drive it home: "To force religious discipline on public officials risks destroying the fragile accommodations that Americans of all faiths and no faith have built with the bricks of the Constitution and the mortar of tolerance." That barely veiled threat, one reluctantly concludes, is blackmail, precisely defined as extortion by threat.

The *Times*'s "truce of tolerance," would extort from the bishops an agreement to lay off on abortion. If the bishops do not comply, if they forget that Catholics are

In the view of the* Times, *the only good Catholic is a bad Catholic.

permitted in public life on sufferance by the non-Catholic majority, the consequences are not left to speculation. The editors are saying that there is a great deal of anti-Catholic bigotry dormant in America, and that they would not be averse to rousing it from its fitful sleep. None too subtly, the editorial observes that excessive aggressiveness in the political arena could pose a risk to the church's tax-exempt status.

Anti-Catholic bigotry is perhaps the only bigotry that does not seem to offend the liberal editors of the *Times*. In its current rash of editorial attention to things Catholic, there was a curious item complimenting John Cardinal O'Connor for his tolerance. It happened that the National Endowment for the Arts had withdrawn, temporarily, a grant for an exhibition of paintings about AIDS. The show's catalogue described the cardinal as a "fat cannibal" and a "creep in black skirts" who, by his views on condoms, has consigned thousands to a painful death. In the catalogue, St. Patrick's Cathedral is described as "that house of walking swastikas on Fifth Avenue." When asked, the cardinal said he did not think an NEA grant should be withdrawn from a show simply because it criticized him personally. The *Times* applauded.

In neither its editorial nor its news columns did the *Times* either quote or censure what it vaguely called "the critical opinion" expressed in the catalogue. The editors were simply pleased that the cardinal was such a good sport about anti-Catholic slander. Nor has the *Times* responded to the cardinal's statement that, while he is tolerant of personal criticism, he objects strenuously to the libel of St. Patrick's and, implicitly, of Catholicism. "Given the horrifying implications of the symbolism of the swastika," the cardinal asked, "could the *Times* editorial have missed what was being said? Couldn't the cause of decency and truth have been served by a *Times* expression of revulsion over such terminology?" Certainly, but there is no evidence that the editors were in fact revulsed. It seems their notions of decency and truth can readily accommodate anti-Catholic bigotry. Far from being revulsed, the *Times* praised the show and agitated, successfully, for the restoration of its public funding.

THE *Times* prides itself on being a watchdog of societal taboos. It has famously and effectively bayed at prejudices related to race, ethnicity, gender, and sexual practice. With respect to the Christian religion, however, its protests against prejudice are mixed and muted, and when it comes to Roman Catholicism they fall silent altogether. Anti-Catholicism, it has been rightly observed, is among the last respectable prejudices left in America.

The editors of the *Times* make no secret of the fact that they fear Catholicism, and that they are frustrated by the bishops. Perhaps they do not fear other religious groups so much because they are either numerically small or morally supine (except of course for the fundamentalists, who can set the editors to baying on sight). And they are apparently frustrated by the bishops because the bishops refuse to relinquish their teaching authority to the *New York Times*. It does seem to be as simple as that. On abortion and a host of other issues, the *Times* persistently attempts to substitute its magisterium for that of the bishops, and regularly produces polls purporting to show that more Catholics agree with the *Times* than with the bishops. The editors, it is to be feared, have come down with a bad case of prelate envy.

Catholics and non-Catholics alike must hope that the *Times* will put poor Mr. Blanshard back to rest and call off its anti-Catholic campaign, for it is really a campaign against the role of religion in public life. *Contra* the *Times*, nobody is "forced" to be a Catholic and, conversely, nobody who publicly defies the church's teaching has a "right" to be a Catholic in good standing. Fortunately for Catholics and all of us, religion's vibrant role in public life does not depend upon the *Times*'s tenuous "truce of tolerance" but is secured by the constitutional guarantee of the free exercise of religion and by the convictions of an obstinately religious people. □

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THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It Says Here . . .

Ah, the joys of the traditional family Christmas—
the children gathered around the hearth to hear their favorite tales,
goodwill and love toward all. As you may have guessed,
that's not the Heath family's traditional Christmas.

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

YOU KNOW that house where, the night before Christmas, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse? Well, that wasn't our house. That was a house where Mama in her kerchief and Papa in his cap could settle their brains for a long winter's nap because they knew good and well that St. Nicholas was about to come down the chimney with a bound and do absolutely everything.

It may come as a surprise to many people, but the fact is, St. Nicholas doesn't do one blessed thing for the Heath family. At our house—and I wouldn't want this mentioned in front of just anybody—Santa Claus is really Ben and me; and the period during which not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse, lasts roughly from 4:10 to 5:00 A.M. By six o'clock, actually, you couldn't call what goes on in our house "stirring."

You know the family that gathers round the hearth on Christmas Eve while Father re-reads the beloved *Christmas Carol*? Firelight flickering on absorbed little faces? Baby dropping off to sleep on Mother's shoulder? Well, that's not our family either, and I bet you guessed.

I hope I'm not giving anyone the impression that Ben and I are not respecters of tradition, because the fact is that we're simply aslosh with tradition. We always sing Christmas carols after dinner; we always hang our stockings on the mantelpiece; we always set out cookies and milk for Santa Claus; but we just don't have the time to listen to Ben read *A Christmas Carol*. We have a substitute tradition: we give Janet and Timothy a half-teaspoon of liquid phenobarbital each; Jennifer, Betsey, and Alison a teaspoon; and Buckley, Priscilla, and John two teaspoons. (We've had to keep the two eldest off the stuff these past two years; they have to stay alert.)

Then we send 16-year-old Jim, who has a voice like a bull calf, into the living room with the big children and make *him* read Dickens's beloved *Christmas Carol*; while 14-year-old Pam, who has such a sharp eye and a quick hand that she can whack a small bottom while its owner is still wondering which trespass to commit, takes the peewees into the nursery to hear Clement C. Moore's beloved "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

BEN AND I refill the coffee pot and proceed forthwith to the furnace room, which is where *we* spend Christmas Eve. Not by choice, you understand—if we had a choice we'd watch *Amahl and the Night Visitors* or take a walk or something—but because the furnace room is the only one in our house which you can a) store 167 different items, ranging from aeroplane, gasoline-powered, to Zig-Zaw Puzzle Map, in; and also b) lock.

Nine out of ten of these items, you understand, have to be organized or set up or assembled, and a good many of them have to be either reconstructed or redesigned from scratch. All of them must be fully understood if Christmas morning is not to shrill with the sad cry of: "What's all that stuff supposed to *be*?" or "The box says Astro-Dyno Jet, but it's just a bunch of iron sticks!" or "I'll never be able to play that. The grections have too long words." All of which leaves Ben and me with the choice of working in the living room after the last child is asleep—and when you have ten children that means never—or spending Christmas Eve in the furnace room.

The furnace room is rather peaceful, actually. By the time we've opened the boxes and laid out the hammer,

A Christmas piece by the late Mrs. Heath is an NR *tradition.*

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saw, screwdrivers, wrenches, pliers, files, glue, rubber cement, safety pins, needles and thread, toothpicks for stiffening tabs that won't go into slots, crochet hooks and rubber bands for putting dolls' arms back on, Mercurochrome, Band-Aids, tranquilizers, Benzedrine, phenobarbital, aspirin, and a dictionary, we hardly even notice the furnace, which has a way of breathing like a dinosaur with croup. Jim's voice, bellowing, "Sit DOWN, Buckley," or "I said QUIET," filters down to us in a soft murmur; and since the nursery is on the third floor and Pam's energy is limited, she clatters down only every now and then to tell us that Alison is blowing into Jay's ear and blaming it on Betsey, or that Alison keeps sticking her feet under Timothy and pinching him with her toes, or that Alison keeps muttering, "Moon on the *breast* of the new-fallen snow, moon on the *breast* of the new-fallen snow" and making all the others laugh and act silly . . . "Well, she *thinks* it's a bad word, Mother, or she wouldn't bother to say

it. You know how absolutely vulgar Alison is."

"Send her down to Jim's group," I roar through the screws in my mouth, which isn't much help—or much help to Jim, anyway—but my maternal instinct always seems to wane as my mechanical instinct waxes.

If you could call it an instinct.

If you could call it mechanical.

I do know some of my limitations, though, so I always start with a simple thing, like "ROLLING TENNIS: A new game for home fun," for instance. ROLLING TENNIS only has about six pieces, which is practically boring to a woman who was on the Dean's List the entire first semester of her sophomore year at college. The instructions are nice and short, too. *The elastic steel needle*, they begin (there's no elastic steel needle in the box, but the nearest thing to it is a kind of hard, spiky thing that bends, so that must be what), *must be kept in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table.* The trouble is, it won't stay in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table unless I hold it there, and surely the ROLLING TENNIS people couldn't mean that, could they? They don't really mean for me to spend the declining years of my life holding up that spiky thing! Do they realize that I have ten children? That I'm 43 years old? Well, of course they do. There's some perfectly simple thing that I've overlooked.

"Ben, it says here . . ." I begin.

"First things first," mumbles Ben, who is engaged in his annual re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the electric train, which he always can't understand something in the transformer of. I don't tell him that if he'd leave the train up all year round he and the transformer wouldn't have to go through this every Christmas Eve. I don't tell him because it's too early. This is what I tell him around 2:00 A.M., and I'm a stickler for tradition.

Anyway, it's time to check everybody's teeth (and to tell Alison for the last time that sticking her toothbrush under the faucet doesn't fool *me* for one minute) and to hear everybody's prayers (and to tell Alison for the last time that beating everybody else to the "Amen" is *not* praying) and to kiss everybody goodnight (and to kiss Alison twice and tell her I love her anyway, which is the simple truth). On my way down I hear the baby calling, "He-e-ere, Mudda! Here, boy! *Come* on!" and since I am training her in obedience—you can never begin too young, I always think—I obey, and we have a little chat and a little rock and a little backrub until she falls asleep again.

By the time I get back to the furnace room Ben has had time to accomplish a great deal, and I feel much better about everything, even ROLLING TENNIS.

So, all right, I *will* hold the spiky thing in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table. It's not as if the children were going to play rolling tennis eight hours a day! Now: *By a slight pressure of this needle upon the axis of the runner fitted with a rubber tire the latter one begins to move, the other player swiftly catches, stops it to run, and jerks back with the same movement.*

Only there's no runner. There is a rod with a little rubber tire at each end, but if that's the runner, how would I press its axis? Anyhow, an axis is what things *turn* on, isn't it? I know it is; I won't even look it up; and it's nine o'clock and Ben has started to fiddle with that idiotic transformer again. ROLLING TENNIS will simply have to wait till he finishes. At least I know the rules. *He who has won a point plays last, but in a new game it is the last loser who plays first.*

I PULL OUT Your Friendly Corner Store. This is more my type, and besides it has a diagram that illustrates and labels not only Parts A to X of the Corner Store, but also its accessories. "Telephone," it tells you, under a picture of a telephone. "Cord." "Cash register." "Your Friendly Corner Store sign."

"Check off each step as you complete it," they warn you (and show you how—like this ☑), and "Follow all directions step by step." I never was a leader, anyhow, so I start right in. *Step 1.* ☐ *From the white side of the board press out all excess fiberboard from all slots, notches, and edges so that all the parts look like those in the kit drawings.* ☐ *Punch out holes for screws with a sharp pencil point.* ☐ *Place parts in alphabetical*

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order. My Friendly Corner Store and I are not so friendly as we used to be, by the time I finish Step 1. They clearly implied that there was only one ☐ to a step, but, I now note, there are seven ☐s in Step 10, alone.

"Ben, look at this. It says here . . ."

"There's no point in getting mad about it," says Ben, who has made up with the transformer, solved ROLLING TENNIS (they meant "axle," not "axis," if that means anything to you), and is happily assembling some Thermo-Turbo thing without so much as a glance at the directions.

"Who's mad?" I snarl. Setting up the Corner Store involves pushing 78 tabs into 78 stupid little slots, and I know from experience that at the slightest sign of irritation on my part the tabs will turn into 78 sulky little bits of tissue paper. I grit my teeth and plod on. By the time I finish Step 12 (49 ☐s later) Ben has put together the bicycle, the tricycle, the tractor, both doll carriages, the dollhouse, and the Walker Wagon. He is about to begin the electric hockey game when he discovers the instructions are in French. He hands them to me.

I can read French all right, but who knows what a *filet des buts* is, for heaven's sake, or a *casier pour pile sèche*, or a *vis à métal*, except maybe a French electrician? I go upstairs for the Larousse. (I *know*; but I don't think a French dictionary should necessarily be an integral part of Christmas Eve, not even at our house.) When I let myself back into the furnace room Ben looks at me for the first time this evening and blanches.

"Are you going to church like that?"

"Like what?" I answer huffily. And rhetorically.

Ben holds the Dreamy Dressing Table mirror up to my face. "It's 11:30," he says, and I tear up the stairs again.

Midnight Mass clears the crossness out of me. Priscilla goes with us this year, along with John and Pam and Jim; and as I watch them come back from Communion they look so solemn and young and tired and beautiful that my heart almost bursts until I kiss them "Merry Christmas" in the cold starlight outside the church, and they refuse, with cries of revulsion, to kiss each other. Then my heart shrivels right back to normal.

Still, the furnace room *is* an anticlimax.

By 1:30, Ben and I are getting ruthless. When we find that the assembly instructions for John's cuckoo clock take up a 16-page booklet and begin: "Look what we have here!! What fun!! It's all the parts that go to make a real-as-life BLACK FOREST CUCKOO CLOCK!!" we clap the cover right back on the box and agree to pretend we thought he wanted a do-it-yourself cuckoo clock. We give up the Corner Store after we notice that besides the 19 steps on the front of the instruction sheet, there are an additional 33 on the back. Anyhow, Betsey hasn't mentioned that Corner Store in weeks.

By 2:15 the B-52 Turret Gun, the Helicopter-Bomber, the Kookie Kitchen, the weight-lifting set, and the puppet theater are assembled and upstairs; by 3:00 we've finished the musical rocking chair, the robot lady, the Sonar set, the fire engine, the weather station, the Yakkity-Yob, and we've even found out how to make the Kissy Doll kiss. By 3:45 every last item is complete and in the living room; the Christmas list has been recovered from the rubble on the furnace-room floor, and we're ready to distribute. That is, Ben arranges artistic exhibits while I sit on the floor stuffing Christmas stockings and tell him where to artisti cally arrange them.

"No, not there, honey: the Winchester rifle is Alison's. Put it on the desk with the Hedda-Get-Bedda doll. . . . That Chubby Checker album goes with Pam's stuff, Ben. Right over there—by the lounging pyjamas. The Mass in B Minor is John's—in the corner, sweetie! With the lie detector and the mineralogy set." Or: ". . . Ben, he's not even four years *old*! And, anyhow, couldn't we thrash this out some other time? . . . All right, all right, but just for now would you *please* put that Kissy Doll under the piano with Timothy's dump truck?"

And finally we're through. We thumbtack a sheet across the entrance to the living room and tiptoe upstairs to hang stockings on children's bedposts. Ben takes those for the children who don't believe in Santa Claus, because if they wake up they'll know it's only Daddy with the stockings; and I take those for the children who do, because if they wake up, they'll know it's only Mother.

At 4:10, in the black dark of the upstairs hall, I tiptoe around a corner into Ben, tiptoeing from the opposite direction. I gasp and clutch him.

"It's only Santa Claus."

"Oh Ben," I sigh, too tired even to move away from his cheek, which feels like a cactus patch. "What will we ever do when the children are grown up?"

"You're not expecting grandchildren? With that crew? What do you think you are—lucky?" says my sentimental Ben. ☐

Circa '89

The headlines scream catastrophe!
The commentators rant and rave,
And shake their heads despairingly,
And darkly dig whatever grave
The day presents. . . .
My neighbor, brave
Or blind or deaf—perhaps all three—
Lights up his little Christmas tree
And stops me on the stairs to say
A "Merry Christmas, anyway!"

MAUREEN CANNON

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A MODEST PROPOSAL

Solving the Rumanian Problem

CHRISTIE DAVIES

In recent years the Western democracies have shown a strange reluctance to supplant foreign tyrants by force. The only exception has been the gallant American invasion of Grenada—Operation Urgent Fury—which freed that country's people from a Communist usurper and restored stability to the Caribbean. One can only wish that President Kennedy had shown a Reagan-like determination and competence twenty years earlier in the case of Castro, instead of making a Bay of Pigs of it. The preservation of national sovereignty is a necessary part of any system of stable and equitable international relations, but in the twentieth century its main consequence has been to place the democratic countries, which in general abide by it, at a severe disadvantage relative to their ruthless Communist and National Socialist opponents.

There are, in point of fact, many reasons why it may become both right and expedient for a democratic country to violate the sovereignty of another country, and *all* of them apply in the case of Rumania.

The most important is that the Ceausescu government is not an ordinary dictatorship, in which a lack of political democracy can coincide with personal freedom in social, economic, and religious life. Rather it is a radical tyranny which is planning to uproot rural populations wholesale from their ancestral villages and cram them like slaves into hideous agro-industrial complexes at an incalculable social, economic, ecological, and aesthetic cost.

A toppling of this corrupt regime, which is propped up by force alone, would be welcomed by the vast majority of Rumanians. It would be welcomed even more warmly in Transylvania, where a compact ethnic minority of several million Hungarians are subject to a dual tyranny, for they enjoy neither personal freedom nor national self-determination. They will suffer even more than other Rumanian citizens from the present policy of forced relocation, for it is deliberately slanted so as to undermine their distinctive language, culture, and religion and thus to eliminate them as a national minority.

While moral duty demands that the West should intervene in countries such as Rumania, it is usually wiser to desist. Were any Western country to intervene unilaterally in Rumania, there would be an unacceptable risk of a major war resulting from the Russians' understandable fear of hostilities in an area that is as much their own backyard as the Caribbean is the United States'. What is more, Rumania would almost certainly call upon the other members of the Warsaw Pact to help her defend her territory. However, the new Soviet mood under Gorbachev, the remarkable liberalization in Poland and Hungary, and the collapse of the Berlin Wall make possible a new kind of anti-Rumanian policy through collusive détente.

While there may not be much of a humanitarian lobby in the Soviet Union, Rumania has long been a nuisance from the Soviet point of view, with its combination of authoritarian centralism at home and an awkward, erratic, and sometimes anti-Russian policy in foreign affairs and international trade. The crude Rumanian policy of economic autarky that has led to hardship for the consumer, a harsh direction of labor, and an indifference to pollution is designed to establish Rumania's independence of the Soviet Union as much as of her Western creditors (who have been paid off gratifyingly but irrationally early). Whether Moscow suspects the Rumanians of having a hand in the anti-Russian protest movements in the adjoining, Rumanian-speaking Soviet Republic of Moldavia is difficult to say. There can, though, be little doubt that Rumanians covet this territory, which was from 1919 to 1940 and from 1941 to 1944 the Rumanian province of Bessarabia.

The main Soviet and indeed Western anxiety must relate to the state of tension between Hungary and Rumania caused by the Rumanian government's persecution of the Transylvanian Magyars in a province that belonged to Hungary until the end of the First World War and again from 1940 until the Soviet takeover of Eastern Europe. There is a good deal of sympathy among Hungarians for their oppressed fellow countrymen in Transylvania, many of whom have fled to Hungary as refugees. In consequence there could well be a military incident on the border between the two countries, or overt or covert Hungarian support for a resistance or national-liberation movement in Transylvania. As so often in the past, the Balkans could be Europe's powder-keg, and intervention, far from being a cause of war, may well be needed to prevent it.

What I am advocating is an agreement among the American, Soviet, and European governments to remove the rulers of Rumania. If the Soviet, Hungarian, and Bulgarian armies are mobilized on the borders of Rumania, Anglo-American naval units sent to the Black Sea, and NATO air-bases in Italy and Turkey prepared for offensive operations, there can be no doubt that the Rumanian armed forces would (as they have often done before) surrender, and the much-hated Ceausescu regime would collapse. The aim of the intervening allies would be to turn Rumania into another Finland —a neutral, disarmed country with a market economy specializing in bilateral trade with the Soviets. Within such a country, those Hungarians still living there after an equitable adjustment of the border in Hungary's favor would enjoy the same political and cultural rights as the Swedish-speaking minority in Finland. Thus the result of an almost certainly unopposed, jointly agreed East–West invasion of Rumania would be entirely beneficial. If such a plan horrifies the international lawyers, then I can only retort that the law is an international ass. □

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Pisher's Progress

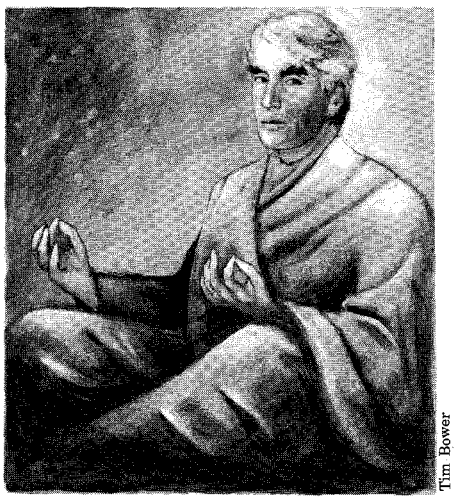
KENNETH MINOGUE

WHEN HARVARD philosopher Robert Nozick published *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* (1974), it made him famous. In the burgeoning literature of social philosophy, he stood out as the man who put the libertarian case against the welfarism of John Rawls. Many American liberals raged to see the minimal state derived from a few Lockean premises. One attacked it as "giving spurious intellectual respectability to the reactionary backlash that is already visible . . . in the United States."

Many a man would have rested on his laurels after receiving such moving accolades, but laurels are obviously in short supply at Harvard. Nozick's head was turned, and he abandoned social philosophy for metaphysics. "Isn't it ludicrous," Nozick asked, in a famous sentence in *Philosophical Explanations* (1981) which showed that brash was already turning into homespun, "for someone just one generation from the *schtetl*, a *pisher* from Brownsville and East Flatbush in Brooklyn, even to touch the topics of the monumental thinkers?" Nozick's moral and epistemological reflections, however, did not have the runaway success of his social philosophy. Undaunted, in his new book, *The Examined Life: Philosophical Meditations*, he has moved on to a new endeavor: the application of philosophy to the perplexities of our time.

The Examined Life: Philosophical Meditations, by Robert Nozick (Simon & Schuster, 480 pp., $21.95)

Critics used to complain that Anglo-Saxon philosophy was aridly technical, but these days philosophers are found in social institutions all over America, sorting out ethical dilemmas. No charge of ivory-tower irrelevance can be brought against Nozick's 27 meditations, on subjects such as dying, God, happiness, sexuality, the Holocaust, and wisdom. The layman may well find the thread of continuity easier to grasp than the professional philosopher, who will certainly succumb to the vapors upon arriving at Meditation 17: "The Matrix of Reality." Here will be found no fewer than 64 separate categories of "relevant evaluative dimensions" displayed in a series of boxes designed to replicate the structure of reality. Nozick thinks that most of us (he includes himself)



Tim Bower

live our lives too much on "automatic pilot." Perhaps. But the terrifyingly intricate instrument panel provided here will send most readers into a tailspin.

Amid these profundities, it is always a relief when the old social philosopher surfaces, as he sometimes does in Nozick's propensity for converting the meaning of life into lines on graph paper. Happiness, for example, is quantified by a curve in which degrees of happiness are plotted on the vertical axis, and time on the horizontal, thus allowing us to recognize that we mostly prefer an upward-sloping happiness curve—or, as we laymen say, it is better when happiness increases as we go through life. The new Nozick is an instinctive quantifier with an ecumenical tendency to try to cover everything. He frequently calls up a bit of Eastern wisdom to fill the gaps philosophy leaves unfilled. At other times he seems to be operating on the formula: quantification + mysticism = profundity.

But the main contemporary interest in *The Examined Life* is likely to focus on Nozick's recantation of *Anarchy, State, and Utopia*. The relevant words are:

> The libertarian position I once propounded now seems to me seriously inadequate, in part because it did not fully knit the humane considerations and joint cooperative activities it left room for more closely into its fabric. It neglected the symbolic importance of an official political concern with issues or problems as a way of marking their importance or urgency, and hence of expressing, intensifying, channeling, encouraging, and validating our private actions and concerns toward them.

Through the murk of this prose emerges the fact that the Nozick who once cut against the grain of conventional American intellectual opinion has now been swallowed up by it. He believes that the essence of the state is "to jointly and symbolically express" solemn ties of "concern and solidarity" for those of our fellow citizens who are in need. (Nozick is a wild man with an infinitive.) Welfare programs express solidarity, and anyone who wants to opt out of them ought to be ashamed of himself.

This is a muddle. It must be said at once that the modern state can only be understood if we begin by discarding the sentimental moralizing that has dominated much public discussion in the Eighties. The state is essentially an association of independent and resourceful individuals living under law, and, from a political point of view, the poor and the needy are nothing less than a threat to our freedom. They are, for example, the materials of the demagogue, who tries to gain power by promising to use the coercive power of the state to redistribute benefits.

None of this is to deny that we have moral and perhaps political duties toward the poor. How we fulfill those duties is a matter for public

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judgment and will no doubt vary from time to time. Still, Nozick would have been wiser had he considered the work of Charles Murray on the complex problems raised by incorporating the poor within a modern society. But the essential point is that to take one's bearings on the nature of the state from the condition of the poor is to start off on the wrong foot. Citizens are categorically different from pensioners.

In this as in much else, Nozick is, astonishingly for a philosopher, a perfect reflector of the intellectual modishness of his environment. He has written what is, in both the good and bad senses, a very American book. It is big, generous, and open to reason. And its vulnerability is breathtaking. In Nozick's world, something called "stress" is to be taken seriously as a "problem" to be dealt with by the philosophical resources of our civilization, pressed into service as up-market counseling. At times, he topples over into a reasonableness quite absurd. "I do not say with Socrates that the unexamined life is not worth living—that is unnecessarily harsh." There is even an apology for having wasted the time of earlier readers with doctrines that now seem "seriously inadequate to me." This is egocentricity of a high order, since it assumes that each new Nozickian thought is an improvement on the last. But the new-model Nozick has abandoned any-thing as rigid as "positions." "I would like to speak to your whole being, and to write from mine," he remarks. Parodying an older and wiser American writer, I can only say: "Leave my whole being alone."

In nothing is Nozick more American and contemporary than in succumbing to the feminist terror, which is to America in the Eighties what McCarthyism was in the Fifties. He uses the feminine pronoun as an impersonal, a patronizing usage which suggests that women are so dim they cannot tell a grammatical convention from a judgment of reality. "An important part of the work of artistic creation," he remarks, in a chapter almost entirely devoted to male figures such as Beethoven and Einstein, "is work on the creator herself." This kind of grammatical engineering not only destroys the valuable specificity of feminine pronouns, but suggests that women are a collectivity, and that they are only valuable to the extent that they can field a team of great names.

Whereas, in most things, Nozick displays a dispiriting reasonableness, anticipating at every point the reader's likely objections, on one subject Nozick goes right over the top. He believes we have not yet fully appreciated the significance of the Holocaust, and he tries to supply it for us by assimilating it to mythic events such as the Fall of Man, and the Crucifixion. Taking the doctrine of collective guilt for granted, he writes that the Germans, "our human relatives, have shamed us all. They have ruined all our reputations, not as individuals—they have ruined the reputation of the human family." From this assertion he moves to the conclusion that, while the human species doesn't exactly deserve to be destroyed, it also doesn't exactly deserve *not* to be destroyed. The Holocaust, it seems, has canceled out Christ's redeeming mission, and in words that are no less chilling for their absurdity, he proclaims: "Humanity has lost its claim to continue."

The best thing one can say about this is that it is hysterical bunk. The notion that the Chinese, or the Fijians (to take extreme cases), or any such remote people has been stained by the Holocaust is absurd, unless, perhaps, one believes in the doctrine of original sin. But if one does so believe (it seems to me virtually self-evident), then the Holocaust can claim no special privileges among history's many atrocities. The Holocaust is remarkable because it was committed by a set of Europeans who might have been thought to live at the pinnacle of civilization. What makes it a genuine subject for the anxiety Nozick clearly expresses is that the memory of it is fading, and there are even some sinister people who deny its existence. Some intellectuals, no doubt understandably, regard the Holocaust as a talisman that, if kept constantly in the awareness of people, will guarantee good human behavior in the future. But this is grasping at straws. Collective responsibility is an inefficient, as well as barbaric, solution to the problem of order. Among liberal intellectuals, it is merely the source of masochistic fantasies, and not infrequently masks an avoidance of individual responsibility. In this, Nozick reaches a pitch of such absurdity that this reviewer finally lost all patience.

Perhaps, he writes, "it is only by suffering ourselves when any suffering is inflicted, or even when any is felt, that we can redeem the species." If these words had been written by a mystic, some Thomas Merton or Simone Weil, they might have had some seriousness. But from a philosopher living amidst what one must call the fleshpots of Harvard, they merely illustrate the posturing sentimentality of which the Anglo-Saxon intellectual classes are capable. □

All We Would Want to Know

M. E. BRADFORD

SINCE Robert Fogel (with Stanley L. Engerman) published *Time on the Cross: The Economics of American Negro Slavery* (1974), Professor Fogel has been the acknowledged authority on the institutional and economic history of American slaves: what they did, day by day, and under what conditions they performed; who owned slaves, how they were acquired, and what they cost, the physical circumstances of their lives, their utility, and their practical history. Indeed, Fogel has given the American intellectual community not only all it would wish to know about slavery, but, as I concluded in reviewing *Time on the Cross* in these pages (March 28, 1975), a good deal more than it was and is ready to digest.

Without Consent or Contract: The Rise and Fall of American Slavery, by Robert William Fogel (Norton, 539 pp., $39.95)

Fogel's conflict with neo-abolitionist mythology, with the view of slavery as primarily a system of physical

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RANDOM NOTES

■ It's a Mystery: Spotted in the current *Village Voice Literary Supplement*, halfway down a list of December poetry readings, is this curious notice: "Free Poets Project, Fireside Café, 523 Third Avenue: December 14, Nicolae Ceausescu reads the poetry of Enver Hoxha." Of course, as *NR* readers will know, Enver Hoxha is the lately deceased longtime dictator of Albania, while Nicolae Ceausescu is his counterpart (71 years old and still going strong) in Rumania [see "Solving the Rumanian Problem," Christie Davies's call for a joint U.S.–Soviet invasion of that country, p. 37]. Does President Ceausescu really plan on reading Mr. Hoxha's poetry this week at the Fireside (as it happens, a pleasant Irish bar and lunchtime favorite of *NR* editors)? Consulted on the question, Ioan Voicu, the Rumanian UN Mission's Minister Counselor, offered mysteriously that "this is just another provocation in a series of provocations. For provocations we have only the feeling of rejection." Contacted at the politically ultracorrect *VLS*, Assistant Editor David Kim was equally mysterious. "I didn't get a biographical sketch," he said. "What do you want from me?"

■ Tick, Tock: Though little read, publishing-house press releases can be great fun. One release sent out recently from Harper & Row informs us that K-Mart minimalist Bobbie Ann Mason is working on a new book which apparently has her editor, Ted Solotaroff, all worked up. "Any new project of Bobbie Ann Mason's makes my editorial eye gleam with anticipation," Solotaroff is quoted as saying. "But this story is so unique [*sic*] and yet so rooted in her territory that my expectations are boundless." "Any of the stories here," chimes in a blurb from *USA Today*, "will at the very least tick with truth."

■ Imprimatur: The boundaries defining what the orthodoxy of contemporary feminism will allow to be said or written continue to shrink. It seems even the politically and sexually progressive *Playboy* magazine is now verboten. In the magazine's December issue, Asa Baber, author of *Playboy*'s "Men" column, complains of what he calls feminist "thought control" in publishing. "The agents and editors and power brokers who staff [this] industry are almost exclusively feminist, and they want no arguments, no male perspective, no contradictions. . . . What we get in our culture is feminist propaganda." The occasion for Baber's accusation is a recent run-in with a woman he describes as "a senior editor at a large publishing house" in New York. Baber's agent had been shopping around a collection of his columns, but the editor in question told the agent she would never publish his client: "I consider him anti-feminist. We publish some of the most famous feminists in America, so why would we publish him?"

■ No Kidding Dept.: Meanwhile, due in January from Crossroad/Continuum is *The Sexual Politics of Meat: A Feminist–Vegetarian Critical Theory*, by Professor Carol Adams of Dallas's Perkins School of Theology. We're still waiting for our review copy, but according to the latest *Publishers Weekly* this hot winter title promises to "tie the prevalence of a carnivorous diet to patriarchal attitudes, such as the idea that the end justifies the means, and the objectification of others." This "original, provocative book," says *PW*, "makes a major contribution to the debate on animal rights." You thought you'd heard it all by now, but you were wrong.

■ Postscript to Communism: Personally, I was shocked—shocked!—to read in the *New York Post*'s "Page Six," subsequent to writing the first item in this column, that the curious notice in the December *VLS* was in fact the work of *NR* editors. With the wise Mr. Kim of the *Voice*, as quoted in the *Post*, I can only conclude that "These guys are obviously jerks."

— David Klinghoffer

abuse, will be at the minimum compounded by his even more comprehensive *Without Consent or Contract: The Rise and Fall of American Slavery*. And the aggravation will occur even though Fogel has gone to some trouble to prevent neo-abolitionist hostility. After enduring all the ideological vilification poured out on *Time on the Cross*, he has attached an interpretative coda to his discursive gathering of the record: an after-the-fact, normative coda designed to protect his own research and the larger project of his University of Chicago Center for Population Economics within the vituperative political context of contemporary American historiography. Except for this cosmetic "Afterword: The Moral Problem of Slavery" (and a few simplistic remarks about the American Revolution), everything in *Without Consent or Contract* is well done. And even that fashionable camouflage is rhetorically justifiable, given the ruling passions of our time.

The text proper of Fogel's book is divided into two parts: a background study of how slavery was established and then developed in the New World; followed by a narrative of how it was overthrown. Fogel speaks of the concept of slavery as a political anomaly which, despite its tenuous relation to the truth of history, retains a symbolic power to this day. The first section covers ground on which Fogel has already made his mark, a subject concerning which he has directed complicated research for the last 24 years. (Three separate volumes of this "evidence" have also been published, and impressively document the work examined here.) The rest of the book, which incorporates the findings of cliometrics and other descriptive studies, considers the lives of slaves and the economics of slavery, evidence that gives it an effective circumstantial coloring—and puts Fogel directly in conflict with the most virulent political passions of our day, those connected with the "metaphysics" of equality.

But there is a third story, one that emerged as Fogel produced his other narratives, which is the history of research and commentary about slavery. This may be the most interesting tale he has to tell. Concerning the great temptation that, in all three of these connections, he has resisted, Fogel observes: "It is easy to invent an anti-slavery policy [other than the one which brought a Union victory and a new America in 1865] that would be far more congenial to the predominant moral standards of our own age than the policies actually put forward by any of the major historical players." Fogel is affirming that the anti-slavery policy prevalent in 1865 was essentially racist, negative in what it assumed about the American Negro, his capacities, his humanity, and his claim upon the good offices of his countrymen.

Fogel warns that slavery in the

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American South can no longer be described either as a collection of atrocities or as an economic failure, given the great and (in 1860) ever-growing wealth of the Old South—a wealth that, without war, might have resulted in the economic domination of the entire nation. What finally *was* wrong with the peculiar institution was its denial that all of us live to become morally responsible, insofar as we are able, and can come to practice that providentially intended responsibility only to the degree that we are free. Fogel understands very well both the limits and the authority of this argument from definition. The generic case, as limited by considerations of freedom *from what* and *for what*, is clearly the valid one—even though no one is ever completely free and the generic argument is often beside the point. Unfortunately, Fogel adds to this mix an elaborate apology for the War between the States as a necessary prologue for all sorts of progressive, liberating things: an argument that we need not take too seriously.

Fogel's "Afterword," as suggested above, detracts from the generally high quality of the book. The weakness of his "moral coda" is its presupposition of an equation between statism and progress in "democratic rights." Apparently Fogel wants to be numbered "among the saints." His speculation about what might have been the pattern of American history had the response to secession by the South not been a military invasion reminds me of the old hypothetical title used to dissuade youthful literary critics from concern with evidence not available within their subject: "How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?" Fogel, attempting to respond to the question David Potter posed in 1971—Was killing 600,000 Americans the best way to restore national unity and end slavery?—answers only that the War gave us "modern (plebeian) democracy," and a government strong enough to undertake whatever can be justified with appeals to laudable purposes. However, in responding properly to Potter it is necessary to specify what will be in the place of slavery, and what is meant by Union. To suggest that (apart from slavery) the South was not "democratic" is intellectually irresponsible. Fogel writes that a failure to have destroyed the

Joseph Borzotta

South would have preserved in these United States an "aristocratic republic," a limited, constitutional government. One would like to think so. In this speculation, as in other regards, I find much to admire in *Without Consent or Contract*, even when the lesson is not what Fogel had in mind. □

Wright's Wrongs

WICK ALLISON

HUBRIS in a politician is a dangerous thing—for the politician. But overweening ambition in a politician is dangerous for the rest of us. John Barry, not altogether intentionally, has given us a case study in both.

Jim Wright's hubris knew no bounds. The mere fact that a seasoned politician would grant a reporter unrestricted access to his private meetings and intimacy with his most closely held strategies is example enough. Wright was apparently influenced by a fawning profile of him that Barry had written for a national magazine. But no amount of fawning—and there is plenty here—can disguise the record Barry lays bare of Wright's egotistical grab for power as Speaker of the House: violating the constitutional separation of powers as he attempts to control foreign policy, jabbing aside the Democratic committee barons as he pushes through his own agenda, running roughshod over historic House procedures as he puts down Republican-led revolts.

The Ambition and the Power: Jim Wright and the Will of the House, by John Barry (Viking, 768 pp., $22.95)

Jim Wright exploded on the House. Nothing could contain him: rules, history, prerogatives, enemies, or allies. Comity was destroyed. The blunt instrument of raw power was his tool, and he wielded it with such abandon that for the House to stand, Jim Wright had to fall.

Barry tells the story of Wright's fall in exhaustive and repetitious detail. At more than seven hundred pages, this book causes one to suppose the rumors are true: New York publishing houses no longer employ editors. A blue pencil could effortlessly delete 40 per cent of Barry's words and greatly improve the narrative. Yet despite its unnecessary length, *The Ambition and the Power* provides a generally well-written insider's account of the House which holds many fascinations, and teaches more than a few lessons.

One is left to wonder, for example, whether the ethics charges that provided the legal basis for Wright's undoing would have been seriously pursued had he not abused his Democratic colleagues, lied to the Minority Leader, and flouted House rules. Barry takes great pains to defend Wright on the specific charges, and this is the best apologia the former Speaker is likely to receive. If Wright had not been Wright, the defense, however weak, probably would have been strong enough to avert a committee vote. But Wright *was* Wright, and reading Barry one can sense the nods, the glances, the upturned eyebrows, the thousand unspoken ways by which a collegial body comes to the decision that its leader must go.

Newt Gingrich's relentless two-year campaign to help the House reach that decision is described with some

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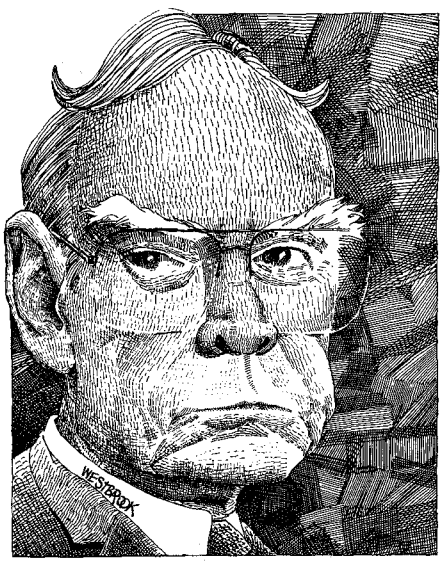
disdain, but also in plenty of detail. The author can't resist a grudging admiration for Gingrich, and the reader is reminded of the risks Gingrich assumed when he decided to go after the Speaker of the House. It wasn't the nation's most powerful Democrat Gingrich had to fear, but his own go-along-to-get-along leadership, the GOP's "Old Bulls," who would rather make a side deal to get a new airstrip for the local Naval base than upset their Democratic counterparts by trespassing into matters of principle. These are Republicans who, like their leader, Bob Michel of Illinois, have made being the minority party a permanent profession. Yet even for them, Wright's crude partisanship was finally too much to bear. Gingrich may have made them uncomfortable, but Wright made them miserable. And in the end it was an Old Bull, John Myers of Indiana, ranking Republican on the ethics committee, who decided to knock the Speaker off his perch. Gingrich had won.

But it is the protagonist, not his nemesis, who carries this tale. Barry tries to sum up Wright: "In some ways it was the very pettiness of his activity that damaged him the most. It demeaned him, made him seem a



Sam Westbrook

small man, a conniver. There was smallness in him. But there was largeness, too. His ambition was large, his vision of his role was large, and what he was willing to do to achieve those things was large."

Wright remarked to his daughter as the ethics committee was meeting, "We were just greedy. Dammit." But his greed wasn't the issue here. And it wasn't his smallness that America had to fear. The House of Representatives has proven itself quite capable of surviving greed and smallness, not to mention pettiness and conniving. At issue was his ambition. His "vision of his role" was not just large, it was unconstitutional. If the House wants to elect a Speaker who then tramples on its own rules, I suppose that's the business of the House. But when a Speaker appoints himself to change the course of American foreign policy, in direct contravention of the President elected to preside over that policy, we have a more serious matter. Jim Wright entered into direct negotiations with an unfriendly foreign government, bludgeoned friendly ones, and ignored White House demands to back off. In fact, he made no secret of the fact that he considered the Speaker of the House, not coincidentally one James C. Wright of Texas, to be coequal with the President of the United States. Gingrich understood the stakes as soon as Wright was sworn in. "If Wright consolidates his power," he told Barry, "he will be a very, very formidable man. We have to take him on early to prevent that."

As *The Ambition and the Power* tells the story, it was a close call. Barry also—and this is no small feat—raises the curtain on the inside workings of the House as no other writer is likely to do for a long time. Wright's fall should be seen as a cautionary tale. Hubris we can live with; it carries the seeds of its own destruction. Ambition is another matter. Ambition in the wrong man could bring down the House. □

Changing Places

JAMES H. ANDREWS

FELIX FRANKFURTER was born to serve on the Supreme Court. When President Roosevelt nominated the Harvard law professor in 1939, progressives and civil libertarians uncorked the champagne. This, it was widely agreed, was Roosevelt's first *great* Court appointment—certainly better than his appointment

The Antagonists: Hugo Black, Felix Frankfurter, and Civil Liberties in Modern America, by James F. Simon (Simon & Schuster, 312 pp., $19.95)

two years earlier of the populist Southern senator Hugo Black, or of the forgettable Stanley Reed.

Court watchers assumed that leadership of the Court's liberal wing naturally would devolve on Frankfurter. Brilliant, impassioned, and tireless, Frankfurter made himself, in James F. Simon's words, "the nation's foremost citizen-academic, a professor with a limitless public-service portfolio." As a founder of the ACLU and champion of Sacco and Vanzetti, he had impeccable civil-libertarian credentials. Yet within a few years Frankfurter had forfeited his "liberal" pre-eminence to Black, and had become the Court's "conservative" voice.

The role reversal could hardly have been more unlikely. Felix Frankfurter, a Vienna-born Jew, first in his class at Harvard Law, protégé of Henry L. Stimson and friend of Justices Holmes and Brandeis, and a member of FDR's brain trust, was endowed with a supple and penetrating intellect with which, through more than a quarter-century of articles and briefs, he dazzled the public-policy community.

Hugo Black was the son of a poor Alabama storekeeper and red-clay farmer. After studying under the University of Alabama's two-man law faculty, he became a trial lawyer, judge, and county solicitor in Birmingham. Preparing for his successful bid for the Senate in 1926, Black found it politically expedient to join the Ku Klux Klan (a brief association he explained away in a Checkers-like radio broadcast after his nomination). To many, his appointment to the Court was just a payoff for his pugnacious investigations, at FDR's bidding, of corporate malefactors.

It was the Southern politico, however, and not the Harvard don, who was the chief intellectual architect of what became the Court's defining activity for the next thirty years: the

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expansion of individual rights. Not that Frankfurter sank into irrelevance. While Black was fashioning himself into the Court's principal exponent of civil-libertarian activism, Frankfurter emerged as its apostle of judicial restraint and deference to the political branches of government. This book is the fascinating story of their running and often acrimonious battle over 23 years for, as Simon says, the soul of the Court.

The main battle lines were drawn over two issues: interpretation of the Bill of Rights, especially the First Amendment, and the question of whether the Bill of Rights, which limits actions of the Federal Government, is equally applicable to the states through "incorporation" into the Fourteenth Amendment. On the First Amendment, Black was an absolutist. And he pretty much invented the incorporation doctrine, i.e., that the Fourteenth Amendment's due-process clause cast over states' actions the full panoply of Bill of Rights jurisprudence.

Frankfurter, on the other hand, contended that the scope of constitutional rights, including those created by the religion, speech, and association clauses of the First Amendment, should be defined by an intricate process of historical scholarship, contextual analysis, and the weighing and balancing of individual rights against legitimate government interests. He rejected incorporation, asserting that the Fourteenth Amendment provided only that states must adhere to standards of procedural due process consistent with fundamental principles of justice.

Above all, Frankfurter differed from Black in his insistence on judicial restraint. Not only did he believe as a matter of democratic principle that courts should keep a slack rein on the people's elected representatives, but he also feared that excessive activism by the unelected branch would cost the Court the only real sources of its influence—its prestige and public trust.

The two Justices are commonly relegated to "liberal" and "conservative" camps on the basis of these philosophical differences. Simon, dean of New York Law School, wisely eschews those labels, though, and his lucid exposition—which he makes accessible to laymen without rendering it reductive—makes clear how misleading judicial labels can be.

For example, would judicial restraint be "conservative" when exercised in deference to legislation expanding racial quotas or comparable worth? And wasn't Black's desire to bring the Fourteenth Amendment's due-process clause *inside* the written borders of the Bill of Rights less "liberal" than what he called Frankfurter's "natural law" approach, which allowed judges to read their own values into the definition of fundamental justice? Isn't the defense of individual rights against government infringement—getting government off our backs—the very essence of American conservatism? (Simon notes that, after each purportedly neutral balancing of individual rights against government interests, Frankfurter generally accepted the government's justifications.)

The problem with Hugo Black's jurisprudence wasn't that it was "liberal," but that it often had only a passing acquaintance with the Constitution. He brushed away Frankfurter's arguments that a judge's role was limited to implementing the original understanding of those who framed and ratified the Constitution, instead finding embedded in the charter extra-legal principles derived from Black's own system of values. Robert Bork has noted that, over the last fifty years, judge-made, results-oriented law has generally enacted parts of the liberal agenda; but Judge Bork also makes the larger point that even when it emanates from the Right, judicial usurpation of the legislative function has the effect of diminishing constitutional democracy.

Hugo Black didn't invent judicial activism based on personal predilection, and he wasn't even its most egregious practitioner in the modern era (a dubious distinction probably reserved for William O. Douglas). But Black, because of his stature and intellectual force, did more than any recent Justice except Earl Warren to legitimate it.

Simon is insufficiently attentive to this central issue raised by the Black–Frankfurter conflict. He also fails to account adequately for Black's anti-majoritarianism and for his intellectual development generally—though Simon intriguingly discloses that as a senator, Black checked out more books from the Library of Congress than any other lawmaker, and that when Earl Warren, freshly appointed Chief Justice, asked Black to recommend a book on opinion writing, Black suggested Aristotle's *On Rhetoric*. Plainly there was more to Black than even this sympathetic book lets on.

Nonetheless, Simon has given us an absorbing behind-the-scenes account of the personal and professional lives of two major figures in American constitutional history. In the end, despite all the bitterness, Frankfurter and Black grew fond of each other, and we end up fond of them, too. □

Learning, Piety, and Eloquence

M. D. AESCHLIMAN

THAT learning, piety, and eloquence do not always go together is apparent to all reflective observers of twentieth-century life and writing, where learned foolishness and eloquent barbarism are rife. Yet the traditions of reason wedded to religion, and of rhetoric as the servant of ethics, are old, deep, and durable. Some of the appeal and authority of T. S. Eliot's prose is surely due to its exemplifying these traditions, and the nonfiction writings of G. K. Chesterton and C. S. Lewis are perhaps even better examples.

Nuclear Catholics and Other Essays, by J. M. Cameron (Eerdmans, 280 pp., $21.95)

Though neither so eminent nor so prolific a figure as any of these, the Anglo-Canadian scholarly essayist J. M. Cameron, a philosopher and a Catholic, deserves mention in this connection. His prose contains, in the finest equilibrium, the fruits of a sensibility at once aesthetic, ethical, philosophical, and religious. His mind is deep and articulate, critical and orthodox. One senses this even when disagreeing with him, as, at least in part, one may upon reading the title

Mr. Aeschliman is a lecturer in English literature at the University of Virginia.

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RIGHT BOOKS

■ I was in Chicago visiting my brother, a printer, when we heard the news that Nixon had fired Watergate special prosecutor Archibald Cox. My brother thought of his colleagues working the weekend shift to get out the latest issue of *Time*. He shook his head. "Stop the presses," he sighed, and I thought, They really say that.

But, Mr. Nixon, you shouldn't have done it. As Terry Eastland writes in his illuminating *Ethics, Politics, and the Independent Counsel* (National Legal Center for the Public Interest, 206 pp., $10.95), "More than any other event, Nixon's firing of . . . Cox created [the] perception [that the executive branch could *not* investigate itself] and led to the introduction of legislative proposals that were the earliest forerunners of Title VI, the special-prosecutor law enacted in 1978 as part of the "Ethics in Government Act."

At the time of the "Saturday Night Massacre," just about everybody thought that special prosecutors could be appointed only by either the President or the Attorney General. After all, law enforcement is an executive responsibility. But Nixon's actions passed the ring of power to Congress, where not all members are respectful of constitutional principle—when, that is, they are aware of it at all. It took five years, but Congress, against the logic of Article II, authorized court appointment of special prosecutors, and severely limited (effectively eliminated) presidential control of them. It was bad news for the separation of powers, but let's count our blessings. Sam Ervin was proposing (to no result) that the Justice Department be separated from, become "independent" of, the executive branch. Imagine deciding—extra-constitutionally—to create a fourth power to balance!

"Title VI was remarkable in two major respects," Eastland writes. "For the first time ever, it was now possible for federal criminal-law-enforcement authority to be given to someone who was not ultimately responsible to the President or one of his appointees. And, for the first time since Reconstruction, the President would not have ultimate authority to remove such an officer." Even with subsequent amendments, and despite the Rehnquist Court's affirmation of the statute last year, Eastland believes it is unconstitutional. Established by Congress to be a check on the *abuse* of executive power, the independent counsel has shown itself to be a threat to the *proper* use of executive power. The cure is more deadly than the disease.

Eastland has written a compact, graceful study of a critical contemporary subplot in the long drama of American constitutional law.

■ In his preface to *Liberalisms: Essays in Political Philosophy* (Routledge, 286 pp., $29.95), John Gray makes a remarkable admission: "The essays collected here were neither written nor selected haphazardly. They embody a single project, pursued continuously over the period in which they were written—the project of defining liberalism and giving it a foundation. The enterprise ended in failure." At its heart, Gray maintains, liberalism is the offspring of evangelical Christianity, and believes itself the progressive (albeit experimental) *end* of political philosophy. It fails, therefore, because it cannot accept the inevitable—and desirable—diversity of traditional life.

Gray traces the modern liberal ideal from John Stuart Mill through Herbert Spencer, Karl Popper, and F. A. Hayek, to John Rawls and Robert Nozick. To say that Gray judges their attempts to construct a liberal ideology as failures is not to say he thinks their philosophical abilities are retarded. As I take it (and I'll admit that much of Gray's dense ruminating escapes me), Gray believes that political philosophy itself must fail when it sees itself engaged in discovering progressive, universal political ends. After Michael Oakeshott, Gray would prefer to describe his endeavor as "theorizing," and, in part, *Liberalisms* proclaims the demise of political "philosophy." It is the Skepticism of Pyrrho (well, of Hume) reborn.

Of course, Mr. Gray is a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and, in the British way, he does not use the word *liberal* as we Americans do. Liberalism—of which, perhaps appropriately, no precise definition appears in the book—is the tradition of government most of us, liberal or conservative in the American senses, share. Using Mill as his guide, Gray suggests that this more general liberalism pursues liberty in two distinct ways: through "an ill-conceived compound of abstract individualism with proto-socialist utopianism," or, more properly, through a recognition that "progress depends on strong traditions, and individuality on the preservation of a cultural inheritance . . ."

But Gray's own preference for the latter view is what makes his theorizing "conservative" in the American sense. Two dramatic statements illustrate: "We seek to understand, not personhood, but ourselves, just as we are." "For the political Pyrrhonist, by contrast with the liberal, there are few universal political dilemmas and no universal solutions." When we put the *individual* and the *particular* into the political process, we have the conservative "solution." Whether or not American conservatives ought to consider themselves Skeptics is debatable; the enormous value of John Gray's book is not. —Brad Miner

piece in this outstanding collection of essays. In fact, one may regret the book's title: it suggests that Cameron is a left-wing or pacifist Catholic, which he certainly is not.

If one does disagree with Cameron's negative verdict on Michael Novak's "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age" [*NR*, April 1, 1983], I think it nonetheless unquestionable, in the case of so momentous a moral issue, that Cameron's essay properly forces Christian defenders of nuclear deterrence to exert themselves to make their best logical arguments. If ever we needed sharp thinking and writing, it is on this issue. Even if—God help us—we are ultimately willing in our present, anxious era to say, with Paul Fussell, thank God for the atomic bomb, we had better welcome, and respond as rigorously as possible to, the challenging arguments of so fair-minded a critic as Cameron.

His fair-mindedness is also abundantly evident in his essay "Morality and War," a review—and defense—of just-war doctrine. Yet it would be wrong to give the impression that these essays are mainly about war and politics; in fact, most of them are about literature, education, ethics, and religion—topics Cameron unfailingly illuminates. The eloquent orthodoxy of his essay "Sex in the Head" shows up the trendiness and superficiality of so much contemporary thinking about sexuality: what Richard John Neuhaus has called our "lethal liberationisms." Yet Cameron is never smug or unfeeling about contemporary confusions. He knows how baffling modern life can be.

For this reason Cameron, a noted Newman scholar, also writes to fine

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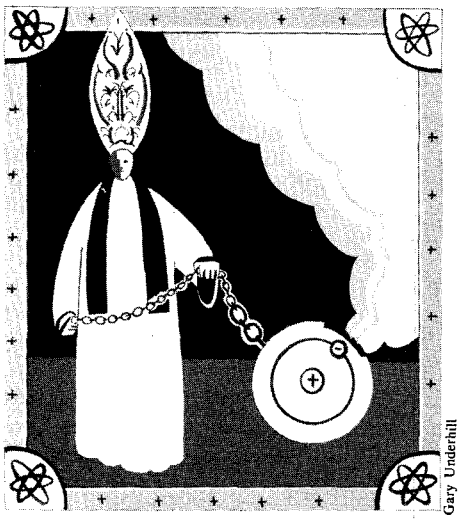
effect about the only sane sources of renewal from, and civilized antidotes to, our pluralistic and protean confusions: liberal education and orthodox religion, forces almost equally attentuated in our time. Cameron's view and voice remind one not only of John Henry Newman (to whom he devotes a fine essay here) but also of Richard Hooker and Samuel Johnson. Although many of these essays were first published in *The New York Review of Books*, Cameron is blessedly free of the pompous moralizing that so often characterizes that journal. He not only has—like Johnson—"common sense to an uncommon degree" and great learning, but also possesses an understated faith in revelation and tradition. He is an orthodox Catholic, but a rationalist too—neither a liberal nor a bigot.

Perhaps the finest examples of Cameron's substance and trustworthiness as both moralist and critic are found in two superb reviews, "Can We Live the Good Life?" (on Alasdair MacIntyre's *After Virtue*) and "The Bible



Gary Underhill

Today" (on Northrop Frye's *The Great Code: The Bible and Literature* and Robert Alter's *The Art of Biblical Narrative*). In the former essay his discussion of emotivism, subjectivism, and relativism in ethics—the idea that "moral questions can no more be matters of dispute than can questions of taste"—is masterful, itself a fine example of the moral intelligence at work.

In his analysis of fellow Torontonian Northrop Frye, perhaps the most influential literary critic since World War II, Cameron, surprisingly, does not discuss Plato, gnosticism, or Jung, but the review is nonetheless memorable and important. Certainly there is no more important an issue than the nature and authority of the Biblical canon. As critic, the profound and exhaustive Frye is an heir of Plato and the Protestant radicalism of Milton and Blake, while Cameron speaks with the accent of Aristotle baptized, in the tradition not only of Newman but also of Etienne Gilson.

In so short a review as this, only the most cursory sense of the riches of Cameron's book can be given. Some titles alone can perhaps help: "History, Realism, and Henry James," "Dickens and the Angels," "The Idea of Christendom," "Poetry and Dialectic." From this last, the introductory sentences give a taste of Cameron's judicious mind:

> Philosophy is essentially, irredeemably, hopelessly dialectical. This is its glory and its shame: its glory, because it is in and through the play of dialectic that the powers of the mind are most fully known and manifested; its shame, for it is precisely the enchantment of dialectic that seduces us, so that we fall into sophistry in a moment.

This is a voice at once pious and learned, classic and contemporary. In an era of towering eccentricity, of self-styled heroic readers of texts—*lector agonistes*?—Cameron is a man in his right mind. If we wish to be wise, we will drink at his well. □

SECOND LOOK

Reflections on Revolution

JEFFREY HART

THE YEAR just passing marked the two-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution, or, more precisely, of the fall of the Bastille. The commemorations were in many ways peculiar. In Paris the celebration was without discernible content, some amorphous patriotism plus a prolonged fashion show. In London, a realistic reconstruction of the guillotine had to be removed from the British Museum because it was too frightening to schoolchildren. The democracy movement in Peking appealed to both the French and American Revolutions, though more to the latter.

It is only for convenience's sake that the fall of the Bastille may be regarded as the beginning of the Revolution. History is a continuous drama with no intermissions and a first act lost in the mists of time, and there are as many theories of the French Revolution as there are historians: it was caused by either rationalism, skepticism, or romantic emotion; it was precipitated by poverty or by middle-class affluence; the nobility began it, or the *philosophes* did; the Terror was due to ideology or political necessity. In the popular view, Louis XVI was a reactionary tyrant. In truth he was an enlightened reformer; when the mob invaded Versailles, he was too self-subverted to have them slaughtered, even though Lafayette and the National Guard were standing by. A decade earlier, the government of George III had not so dithered over the Gordon riot in London, a proto-revolutionary urban riot summarily dispersed by musket fire.

A wise professor once advised me, "Hart, if you write the history of anything, don't begin with the French Revolution." One year, in England on a fellowship to work on Burke, I unwisely decided first to "acquaint" myself with the scholarship on the French Revolution. Eight months later, I hadn't written a word on Burke's *Reflections* on that cluster of events.

One thing the commemoration did achieve was the publication of a remarkable number of fine books, both specialized studies and wider syntheses concerning the Revolution. First among these in my view—*pace* John Lukacs, who reviewed the book for *NR* [July 14, 1989]—is *Citizens: A Chronicle of the French Revolution*, by Harvard historian Simon Schama.

The word "Chronicle" in that subtitle possesses philosophical content of great importance, with application beyond what we are accustomed to calling the "French Revolution."

Let us view the issue in outline. What we neatly categorize as the "French Revolution" was in actual fact a tumultuous series of events that lasted about 12 years, that is, from the failed harvests of 1787 through bread riots, inflation, international war,

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the rise of the Jacobins, the execution of the king and his wife, the Terror, the Directory, the Consulate, and the emergence of Napoleon.

Among historians, for about the last fifty years the dominant tendency —most notably among the Marxist or Marxoid followers of the great Georges Lefebvre of the Sorbonne— has been to impose a conceptual "order" or "logic" upon these vast events. These historians have done magnificent work in essays and monographs, much of which has had the unintended consequence of undermining their own conceptual framework.

That is to say, they wished to discern in the events of 1787–1799 an inner "scientific" logic that explained why what happened happened. Following Marx himself, they saw it as an expression of "class struggle," which of course was the key to history: bourgeoisie against nobility and clergy, then peasants and workers against bourgeoisie. For the Sorbonne Marxists, seeking such a "logic" in events might ironically be seen as a bow to the Logos; that is, a desperate desire for order amid the evident chaos.

But all the while Nemesis was waiting in the wings, mostly in the form of British and American historians. These historians stressed contingency, economic fact, coincidence, individual character, even luck. For all of the industry and logic of the French historians, the dialectic could not explain a crop failure. It could not explain the failure of Louis XVI to disperse the mob at Versailles. The dialectic/Logos could not account for his discovery and arrest at Varennes, or the moral and intellectual power of the ideas of Rousseau and the ideal of the ancient Roman republic.

Gary Underhill

Professor Schama's chronicle amounts to a *summa* of the counter-Sorbonne British/American tendency. In reading it you feel the actual life of history breaking through the conceptual walls of schematic historiography. Professor Schama must feel as if he had torn down the Bastille once again.

Everywhere you touch this vast event that we call the "French Revolution" you encounter irony, which is the smile of contingency. For example, 84 per cent of those guillotined were of the Third Estate: bourgeois, peasants, artisans. Most of them did not know why they were being executed. But to guillotine a commoner was an *egalitarian* measure: under the old order, nobles had been beheaded, commoners hanged. Marx, call your office. Robespierre—and remember that Hilaire Belloc celebrates him —was a state-educated scholarship boy. Robespierre, "the Incorruptible," was corrupted by "virtue" and power. Professor Schama in his chronicle brings before us Jean-Paul Marat, an *enragé* bedeviled by pus (which necessitated treatments in a warm bath), and his murderer, Charlotte Corday, who killed him in his bathtub on Rousseauistic principle; Georges Danton, the "Liberator," who was guillotined by Robespierre for "corruption" (the Incorruptible was soon to be guillotined himself); Philippe Fabre d'Eglantine, the stuttering lawyer who was relieved of this disability at the storming of the Bastille, and became a great orator; and the chilling Louis

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Antoine de St. Just, a young man of Roman countenance and ideal imagination who thought that anyone who stood in the way of republican virtue should be annihilated. St. Just went to the guillotine with appropriate stoic impassivity.

If there is any pattern in this vast convulsion, Professor Schama discerns it in a nexus between power and violence. The *ancien régime* was not despotic but fragile, and when the barriers were breached all hell broke loose. Violence reinforced new power, and killing led to killing, treachery to treachery.

This argument is very persuasive, but, as is the habit of great books, *Citizens* leads on to other reflections. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven." In the Western world, as the eighteenth century came to an end there was a sweeping desire for change. Burke himself—see the magnificent footnotes to his collected correspondence—desired change in France until he saw its radicalization. Similarly George Washington, seeing the nature of the change, warned his fellow citizens against "foreign entanglements," and he was referring specifically to Jefferson's Francophile sentiments. Tom Paine was a revolutionary enthusiast, but when he showed up in France he was surprised to be thrown in prison as a spy. It remains true that many of the most refined spirits of the time felt emotionally "liberated" by the French Revolution.

Talleyrand, the great survivor, who lived through the Revolution and continued in power, remarked that no one born after the Revolution could know how sweet life can be. He meant the old regime. And there is an important interpretation of Rousseau to the effect that his perception of "natural" human goodness was based upon his observation of peasants who had been nurtured by the experience of their "station" under the old system and understood the reciprocal obligations owed to them. When Napoleon seized power in his coup, he spoke the language of raw modern power: "The Revolution is over. Its goals have been accomplished."

For a book to be counted a masterpiece the style must be equal to the subject, and Professor Schama's surely is. I quote him on Robespierre, astonishing in his own time but all too familiar today from later Red Guardish incarnations:

> Robespierre [as a lawyer] made his clients embodiments of general principles: victims in a Manichaean struggle between virtue and vice, freedom and tyranny. This kind of righteous indignation became his natural form of utterance, no less dramatic when spoken, as it often was, in tones of threatening and studious calm. And it found a responsive audience beyond the Assembly in a whole generation of like-minded young Ciceros and Catos waiting for the republic of virtues to be inaugurated. As early as August 1789 Robespierre received an adoring letter from one such obscure devotee, Antoine St. Just; . . . "You are not merely the deputy of a province, you are the representative of humanity and the republic."

Important debates will continue among the historians. Was the Revolution a French or a European phenomenon? The historian R. R. Palmer says the latter, and includes the American rebellion against George III's government. Burke says that there was *no* English revolution, not mentioning in his *Reflections* the execution of Charles I in 1649 and the ensuing ascendancy of Parliament. The case for "American exceptionalism" remains arguable. Taxonomists of history cite the absence of feudal remnants here. Unlike 1649 in England and the revolutionary period in France, there was no massive social convulsion in the American colonies, and the Framers were men of colonial legislative experience; they were not "new men." Palmer would argue that we in effect "executed" George III. On the other hand, there was a widespread desire to crown another George, Washington, as king. And in the event, the American system is not a parliamentary one, but an elective monarchy. Theoretically, Margaret Thatcher could be removed tomorrow. George Bush cannot. President Bush can exercise an imperial veto denied to Prime Minister Thatcher.

Professor Schama's chronicle is not only an important contribution to this discussion but a literary and philosophical event of the first order. What he has done is overthrow Marxist historiography, even as—"no accident," as the Marxists used to say—Marxism is being overthrown around the world. □

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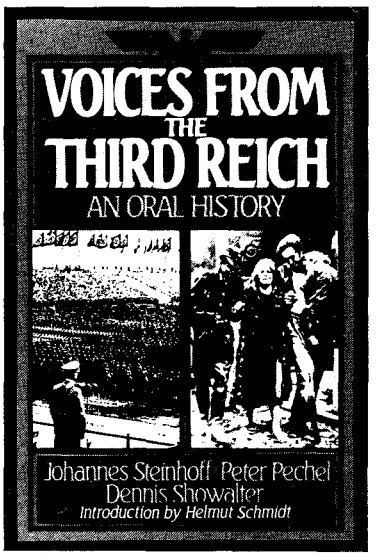

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TRAVEL

Floating through Europe

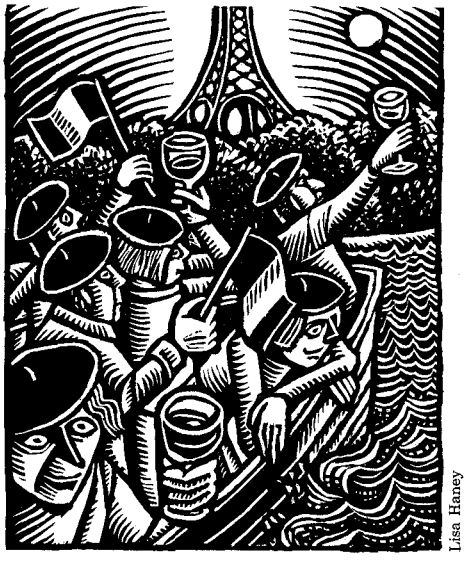
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

We did not see "the tiny walled town of Boersch," "the eighteenth-century monastic wall paintings of Saverne," nor "the Chagall windows in the peace chapel in Lutzelbourg," all of which had been promised in Floating through Europe's appetizing brochure of a six-day cruise on the hotel barge *Lys* from Strasbourg, capital of Alsace, to Nancy, capital of Lorraine. On the other hand, we did get an afternoon's cruise on the Moselle, which the brochure had not mentioned, and a night's stay at picturesque Toul. No matter. Canal travel is like that. Waters can be too high or too low, locks break down, and channels need dredging. Passengers learn to accept what is proffered.

Robert, our captain, tall, lanky with disheveled longish blond hair, a disarming smile, and 22 years of living behind him, picks up our party of seven at our hotel in Strasbourg and drives us to Saverne, where the *Lys* awaits, tied up along the Rhine–Marne canal just below the Renaissance palace of the Rohans, which will be illuminated tonight for our delectation. We have the usual welcome-aboard drink, Crémant, an Alsatian white bubbly, while the crew disposes of our bags in the cabins below. Each cabin has its own shower, toilet, and washbasin, but, as on all boats that cruise narrow canals, the cabins are cramped. We will do our living and our eating in the spacious lounge above and, when autumn breezes permit, on the foredeck.

There has been a hitch, Robert confesses. The replacement cook he had been promised has not arrived, but Nick, the boatman, 25—the only boy in his class, Nick tells us, who took home ec. instead of shop—puts on a brave show for dinner culminating in "Crêpes à la Nick," his approximation of Crêpes Suzette. Monique, twenty, stewardess and jack-of-all-trades, an attractive British law student, serves the four-course dinner and pours the wine, which, like all other liquor, is included in the price of the trip (about $250 per person per day).

Next morning, Monique dons her tour-conductor hat and takes us on a drive through the Alsatian hill country. (Robert is off in telephonic pursuit of a cook.) The land is intensively cultivated: corn fields interspersed with orchards, large rolls of hay, fields of dried sunflowers, pastures, and vineyards. Vineyards are so valuable here that some grow up in vacant lots right in the towns, among the old stone houses on the narrow cobblestoned streets. Poplars stand like fuzzy popsicles on the crests of hills, outlining roads and fields.



Lisa Haney

Everywhere there are flowers. Ivy geraniums cascade down the sides of the houses, swamping window boxes; orange and mauve, gold and pink, lavender and rose, flowers in rectangular boxes line the balustrades of bridges, hang from fountains, stand in round stone-and-iron planters at road intersections, decorate lampposts.

We turn into a narrow archway and park in the yard of the Dirringer winery, a two-hundred-year-old family business. The daughter of the house greets us in halting English and ushers us into a cellar. The family owns about 35 acres of vineyards in the surrounding hills. Different patches of vine on different exposures with different drainage and soil conditions enable them to bottle a number of the renowned Alsatian white wines, among them Sylvaner, Riesling, Traminer, Gewurztraminer, and Tokay, a sip of each of which the young woman pours for us, apologizing all the while that she can't serve us the traditional Kogelhopf cake with it. But what can one do? She shrugs her shoulders. It is Monday and the bakery is closed.

On to Obernai, possibly the loveliest of the hilltowns along the Routes des Vins, a small flowery village with ancient half-timbered houses and steep gables tilting asymmetrically over streets that open onto the wide Place du Marché, where we lunch at the Halle aux Blés, some of us on choucroute garnie (sauerkraut, pork, and sausage), Alsace's most famous dish, others on the highly touted regional onion pie. Back at the *Lys*, we start the climb up the Vosges mountains, lock by lock, toward Lutzelbourg, where we will spend the night.

We're tootling along a new cut in the narrow Zorn valley, climbing steadily toward the justly famous vertical lift, *"le plan incliné de Saint-Louis Arzviller,"* as it is called. On the opposite hillside a huge (disfiguring) concrete ramp has been constructed at the steep angle of a cog railway. We negotiate an S-turn in the canal and sail into a large lock at the foot of the ramp, and tie up. A wheel turns slowly and heavy concrete slabs, their surfaces flush with the ramp, move slowly down from the top station, their weight counter-balancing the 16 tons of the *Lys*, plus the water and lock in which we are cradled, and the lock itself starts to move up the ramp, passing over the concrete slabs. At the top, spectators, each of whom has paid ten francs ($1.65) to watch the spectacle, stare down at us. There is, by the way, no charge for use of this engineering marvel or for use of the locks on French canals. At the top, another huge lock gate goes up and we sail out into the upper canal. The vertical lift has raised the *Lys* 130 feet and cut out 17 locks in a now-bypassed stretch of the lower canal. Now we enter the ghostly tunnel of Arzville, 2.3 kilometers long, lit at intervals by dim yellow lights. Thirty minutes later, as we emerge into the welcoming light, we are jarred by a long freight train roaring through a companion tunnel to our right. Another brief tunnel and we are through the Vosges and looking down on the quiet plains of Lorraine.

Barge life is unhurried. You can take a walk or ride the bikes they

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keep on deck, or just sit and gaze at the unfolding countryside: we wave back at five picnicking fishermen who raise their glasses of strong, dark red wine to us in salute, point out to each other the great blue heron that is lifting its heavy body so clumsily into the air at our approach, catch a fleeting glimpse of three quail running along the towpath ahead of us. The countryside here in eastern Lorraine is different, less intensively cultivated than Alsace. Huge meadows roll away from the banks of the canal toward distant low-lying hills, providing pasture for black-faced sheep and dairy herds. A man, walking a field, bucket on arm, is picking mushrooms.

And so the days pass with their small incidents and adventures. Along one desolate stretch, the radar that informs the automatic lock that we await passage operateth not, and it is quite some time before distress calls summon a human, a smart young man in a smart blue truck, who enters the lock house and sets the machinery back on track. It is the same young man in the same smart blue truck who will—an hour later—release us from the concrete sarcophagus in which we sit, immobilized, 14 feet deep in the bowels of a lock, the front gate of which has failed to open on schedule.

Finally Nancy, the magnificent. But first, as Michelin insists, *un peu d'histoire*. When Stanislas Leczczynski was ousted as King of Poland in the mid eighteenth century, his son-in-law, Louis XV, made a trade: Louis gave Ferdinand III, the childless Duke of Lorraine, Tuscany—which France controlled at that time—in exchange for Lorraine, which he bestowed on Stanislas, a coony move in that when Stanislas died in 1766, the French crown inherited the to-that-point independent Duchy of Lorraine. Stanislas, so far as one can tell, spent the rest of his life building a smaller-scale version of the Château de Versailles at Lunéville, and beautifying Nancy.

After dinner my sister Jane and I stroll with Gordon, a charming Louisianan, into Nancy through an almost grotesquely rococo-ized arch, past the cathedral with its odd towers, and into Stanislas Square. It is—as we first saw it that night, illuminated—quite simply to take one's breath away. Stanislas Square has a symmetry of line and form, an architectural unity not unlike the Place des Vosges in Paris. But most striking is the extraordinary grillwork of the eighteenth-century ironmaster Jean Lamour. It is everywhere, in the elaborate black and gold entrances to the square, on the dozens of balconies around it, ornamenting and highlighting the opulent fountains of Neptune and Aphrodite at the far corners. Tonight, water splashing down into fountains catches the light and disintegrates into incandescence. Everything is spit-polish perfect, freshly painted, gloriously re-gilded to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of a revolution that effectively ended the kind of regal profligacy that made the wonder of Stanislas Square possible. □

MUSIC

A Star Too Soon

TONY OUTHWAITE

BARELY 28 years old but already ten years into his professional career, the New Orleans–born trumpeter Wynton Marsalis is regarded by many as a modern master. This is greatly premature; for as good as he appears to be, the adulation of Marsalis suggests a stature equal to the best trumpeters in jazz history, including Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, and Miles Davis. He has named all of these men, and one or two others, as influences on his playing, but at this point Marsalis is not nearly as complete a musician as any of them, and probably won't be for some time to come, if ever.

He is certainly very good. A brilliant technician, he appears to have a deep curiosity about musical history in general and trumpet style in particular, often dotting his solos with smears, growls, toots, and other musical effects associated with jazzmen of years past. Like many serious musi-

Mr. Outhwaite is a New York literary agent who writes frequently about jazz.

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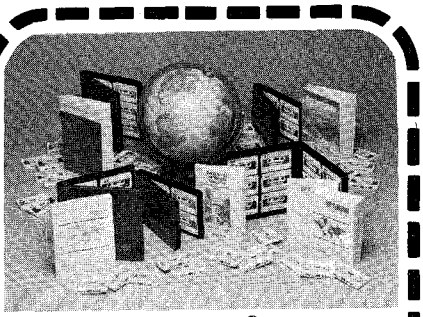

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cians he comes from a musical family, his father the New Orleans pianist (and longtime Al Hirt sideman) Ellis Marsalis. Wynton began fooling with the trumpet only at age 12, yet two years later was advanced enough to perform the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Symphony, and at 17 was named Outstanding Brass Soloist at the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood. Scarcely a year after that he had dropped out of Juilliard to go on tour with drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

In 1982 Wynton Marsalis became the first jazz musician ever signed by a major label (Columbia) as both a jazz *and* classical player. The company's decision paid off, at least artistically, when Marsalis won two Grammies in 1984, one for his second jazz album, *Think of One . . .* , the other for his classical album *Trumpet Concertos*. So far he has appeared on a handful of classical recordings and made seven jazz albums, including *Hot House Flowers*, the obligatory jazz-with-strings item, and *Live at Blues Alley* (possibly his best), recorded at the Washington club late in 1988.

Marsalis is also a highly articulate spokesman for jazz itself; in his Grammy Award acceptance speech he denounced commercialism in music and, in January 1989, he appeared on *Nightline*, discussing the blues with Ted Koppel. In person, elegantly attired and businesslike, he sets an excellent example as well: his is the antithesis of the disheveled, raucous, and even antisocial performance ethic passed off as creativity by many avant-gardists and fusion players of the 1960s and '70s.

Yet something very important is missing from Marsalis's makeup, and despite the high quality of some of his more recent performances—for instance, the JVC New York Jazz Festival in June—it is difficult to overlook the detached nature of the man himself, the impression that he really doesn't have any feeling for the music he plays. Since his emergence as a leader after 1982, the trumpeter has surrounded himself with a variety of enthusiastic young musicians, among them pianists Kenny Kirkland and Marcus Roberts, bassists Bob Hurst and Reginald Veal, drummers Jeff Watts and Herlin Riley, and several energetic saxophonists including his brother Branford Marsalis and Todd Williams on tenor and Wes Anderson on alto. Not quite as advanced as their leader, they nonetheless leave the listener with the suspicion that they are much more involved with the music than is Marsalis himself.

It is tempting to compare the young trumpeter with other celebrated *Wunderkinder* in the arts, precocious talents like James Dean or Truman Capote who appeared almost out of nowhere, already brilliant stylistically, to wow the folks at an early age. But jazz, as a spontaneous improvised music, demands from its performers a high degree of emotion in addition to technique, or else the music has no fire, doesn't swing or stimulate. Pianist Gene Harris, about to take an all-star big band on a European tour, recently remarked in an interview that "music is supposed to make people happy, make them smile." He was not referring to Marsalis, but the comment applies here because even in live performances, the glassy brilliance of his playing conveys little joy or warmth. One is left, instead, with the odd impression of a performer standing in the wings watching himself perform on stage.

The reason for this may have something to do with Marsalis's background, with the duality of his career thus far. In 1945, Dizzy Gillespie was himself 28 and just about ten years into the business, yet he had already played with a dozen of the most interesting bands in jazz, including those of Cab Calloway and Earl Hines, and had begun an historic partnership with saxophonist Charlie Parker. Miles Davis had already toured with the legendary be-bop band fronted by singer Billy Eckstine, had worked with Parker, and was well into his "Birth of the Cool" period. One could look at Armstrong's early years, or Roy Eldridge's, and find the same thing: the rough-and-tumble existence of last-minute backstage "head" arrangements, frenzied after-hour jam sessions lasting until the following afternoon, dicey jobs in clubs whose gangster owners demanded their requests be played, spitball battles on the bandstand during the performance and alarm clocks set to go off in suitcases during 6 A.M. bus rides—in other words, total immersion in the jazz life in addition to the music. By contrast, Wynton Marsalis's experience is far less intensive, certainly less colorful, and to a great extent rooted in another type of musical existence altogether.

Marsalis, to be rated with jazz giants of the past, must communicate as they have a true passion for the music, and not just dazzle with a virtuosity decorated with eclectic sound effects from trumpet history. He has stated that it is more difficult to become a good improviser than to be a good classical musician, and perhaps the classical part of his background has left him less comfortable with the notion of having a good time with the music he plays. Not the synthetic fun of Louis Armstrong's later period, with showbiz smile, handkerchief, and arms akimbo, but the genuine enthusiasm of the true believer, the intensity that gives jazz its fire and its heart.

The celebrated vibraphonist Red Norvo once said that some musicians wound up playing the wrong instruments. In Wynton Marsalis's case, it would be ironic if this talented young man, who has helped bring much-overdue attention to jazz during the 1980s, should wind up playing the wrong music. And this is something only time will tell. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

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19 X H	20 C E		21 Q G	22 T O	23 K O	24 F D		25 D A	26 I R	27 S E		28 P U	29 M N	30 G A	31 O F	32 T R	33 N A	34 W I	35 I D		36 X T
37 S H	38 F A	39 C T		40 B I	41 M S		42 K W	43 P H	44 W Y		45 L T	46 G H	47 A E		48 T M	49 I A	50 O R	51 P X	52 S I	53 D S	54 V T
	55 A V	56 F I	57 Q S	58 M I	59 U O	60 L N		61 D O	62 O F		63 K M	64 V A	65 S N		66 F W	67 J I	68 W T	69 X H	70 A O	71 B U	72 I T
	73 L G	74 C O	75 H D		76 M M	77 E U	78 X S	79 V T		80 R E	81 I V	82 G E	83 U N	84 Q T	85 D U	86 K A	87 W L	88 J L	89 N Y		90 M B
91 E E		92 R S	93 W E	94 X Æ	95 Q N		96 V A	97 P S		98 U A	99 G N		100L É	101D M	102B P	103A T	104H Y		105S A	106C N	107I D
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125A R	126C O	127E C	128M L	129P A	130V I	131L M	132R E	133F D		134D I	135A N		136B T	137J H	138V E		139G G	140M A	141E R	142J D	143X E
144P N		145Q O	146T F		147I E	148R D	149K É	150B N		151N W	152Q I	153U T	154G H		155H W	156D H	157O I	158F S	159S P	160I É	161G R
162K E	163X D		164V W	165J O	166C R	167M D	168I S		169V O	170U F		171Q T	172H ME	173S M	174C P	175R T	176N A	177P T	178L I	179B O	180E N
	181B Y	182W E		183S S	184L H	185O A	186A L	187W L		188D B	189T É		190A A	191W S		192J G	193F O	194Q D	195G S		

DEFINITIONS

A. NT book — R E V E L A T I O N
125 47 55 1 186 190 103 116 70 135

B. Chance — O P P O R T U N I T
179 124 102 8 121 136 71 150 40 117
Y
181

C. Arctic explorer's quest (2 words) — N O R T H P O L É
106 126 166 39 118 174 74 4 20

D. At home on land or sea — A M P H I B I O U S
25 101 7 156 120 188 134 61 85 53

E. Swiss lake and city — L U C E R N E
111 77 127 91 141 180 13

F. Denied — D I S A V O W E D
133 56 158 38 2 193 66 113 24

G. Discussing a subject anew — R E H A S H I N G
161 82 154 30 195 46 16 99 139

H. Tenth-century Anglo-Saxon king — E D W Y
172 75 155 104

I. Used a "classified" source — A D V E R T I S E D
49 107 81 147 26 72 5 168 160 35

J. Popular aquarium dweller — G O L D F I S H
192 165 88 142 17 67 122 137

K. Spectacular — A W E S O M E
86 42 162 112 23 63 149

L. Owl's day — N I G H T T I M E
60 178 73 184 18 45 3 131 100

M. Lower jawbones — M A N D I B L E S
76 140 29 167 58 90 128 10 41

N. Off — A W A Y
176 151 33 89

O. The great unwashed — R I F F R A F F
50 157 31 119 11 185 109 62

P. Ancient city of Lycia — X A N T H U S
51 129 144 177 43 28 97

Q. City southeast of Frankfurt, Germany — I N G O L S T A D T
152 95 21 145 12 57 171 115 194 84

R. Like an intoxicated tomato? — S T É W E D
92 175 132 9 80 148

S. Distorted — M I S S H A P E D
173 52 183 6 37 105 159 27 65

T. Formic acid byproduct — F _ R M A I E
146 22 32 48 110 123 189

U. Model for Waltons' mountain — A F T O N
98 170 153 59 83

V. Ames institution (2 words) — I O W A S T A T É
130 169 164 96 14 79 64 54 138

W. Robin Leach obsession — L I F E S T Y L E S
87 34 114 93 191 68 44 187 182 15

X. Put away the sword — S H E A T H E D
78 19 94 108 36 69 143 163

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 53 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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Thanksgiving Day

And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today, / And the franchise of this good people), governor of Plymouth, say / Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord, / And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

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How to Deal With Gorbachev

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4

The big event last weekend took place in Rome, when Gorbachev met with the Pope. What happened at Malta nobody really seems to know; most dispatches spoke of the happy "chemistry" between their leader and our leader, which was a relief from discussing chemical weapons—the heavy inventories of which Mr. Bush raised, apparently to no effect. His point is that we would be willing to destroy all of our chemical weapons except for 2 per cent of our existing stock, if the Soviet Union would take comparable measures. So far as we can gather, this elicited from Mr. Gorbachev only a vague nod of the head.

That was an improvement over what we got from him on the subject of Central America. The Sandinistas' Daniel Ortega has the worst timing in the history of totalitarianism. He visited Moscow at just the wrong time. He visited North Korea at just the wrong time. And now he dispatches the most modern anti-aircraft weapons ever manufactured by Russia, ships them to El Salvador to the rebels, and the damned plane comes crashing down and all the television cameras view the anti-aircraft weapons, exposed like the Rockettes—to end once and for all the argument over whether Nicaragua is helping the rebels in neighboring El Salvador. Answer, yes. But whose weapons were they? Well, Nicaragua is having a hard time manufacturing tamales these days, let alone anti-aircraft weapons worth more than Picassos; so everybody knows the stuff came in from Moscow, possibly through Cuba. But there is Gorbachev, the wholesome man in the grey flannel suit, looking George Bush in the eyes and saying the stuff did not come from the Soviet Union.

Now on the whole, I think it prudent to humor Gorbachev for a while. After all, it was only two years ago, commemorating the seventieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, that he declaimed, "In October 1917 we parted with the Old World, rejecting it once and for all. We are moving toward a new world, the world of Communism. We shall never turn off that road." Ho ho ho. But of course Bush must not taunt him. And when Gorbachev says that just as he is going to try to stop exporting his way of life, we should stop trying to export *our* way of life, which includes everything from the Bill of Rights to Disneyland, Bush would be wrong to look up, smile, and say, "Are you sure you don't want a little of our way of life? Like maybe some soap, and some toilet paper?" No no, let him have his pride. It could be worth billions to us, if it works out down the road. After all, if it had worked out the first year Gorbachev was in office instead of the fourth year, 600,000 dead Afghans would be alive. So don't provoke him.

On the other hand, one can't be completely idle when his lieutenants get out of hand. On *60 Minutes* last Sunday Mike Wallace had a taped interview with Mr. Gennadi Gerasimov, the chief press spokesman for the Soviets. Mr. Wallace asked how might the Communists explain the drastic reversal in Communist policy betokened by the visit to the Pope? We got from Gerasimov (Ready? Sit down; maybe a glass of water): Well, said G., it's true that Communism is evolving. "But so is Christianity. After all, there are very few differences between Communism and the early Church." Very few differences, just the Ten Commandments. The Gerasimovs should be beheaded in any public exchange, all those lying blackguards who served so willingly the kind of regime favored by the Stalins and Hitlers of our time. But let Gorbachev be, even as we let the Emperor of Japan slide by without asking him any searching questions such as, Where were you on Pearl Harbor Day? The chief of state must be our instrument, and to make that possible, his dignity must be preserved—for as long as he makes this possible.

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On this, Gorbachev has yet to deliver. There is no Bill of Rights in the Soviet Union, and his destructive arsenal is pretty well intact. But he has made major, irreversible concessions, foremost among them his statement to the Pope that from now on the Soviet Union will honor the freedom of conscience. This is being said about a country which forbade the publication of the Bible. In 1970, visiting Zagorsk, the central Russian Orthodox Seminary, and surveying the remnants of the old Russia priesthood, I commented that to hope that the hundred-odd priests permitted to survive could save the Soviet Union for Christianity was like eye-dropping holy water into hell. And now we learn that a full 50 per cent of those who have lived behind the Iron Curtain profess themselves as Christians. Indeed, the gates of hell have not prevailed against us. □

The Russians Are Still There

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27

It would be grand if it turns out that we are on the way to effective disarmament. For reasons that dismay, many speak as though the day had already come. We are all accustomed to politicians and moralists who compare the cost of a new tank with the cost of a slum project, implying that the Military-Industrial Complex actually prefers tanks to low-income housing. But now such folk speak with a sense of consummation. Whereas yesterday they would denigrate the extra tank as redundant, now they speak as though there simply isn't any need for tanks; oh, maybe a few in case Operation Rescuers get out of hand, but not many.

Mr. Dick Cheney, our able Secretary of Defense, has come a long way since he assumed office. First he was saying that he frankly doubted that Mr. Gorbachev would last. From that position, perhaps under pressure, he retreated, but he reaffirmed the need to maintain our military budget at its present level. And now he has asked for a reduction in

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the military budget over the next three years.

One is reminded of the grammar of military knowledge. It goes like this: You measure the resources of your potential enemy. And then you attempt to evaluate its intentions.

Now the resources of the Soviet Union have been reduced in a very limited sense only. The people of Eastern Europe are no longer docile, and one must suppose that any Soviet military drive against the West would meet with active opposition from Poles, East Germans, and Czechs. But Poles, East Germans, and Czechs do not have any military of their own worth speaking of. The distance between Moscow and Berlin is no greater than the distance from Berlin to Moscow, and Hitler got within six miles of Moscow even though the resistance was massive and heavily armed. There are still 380,000 Soviet troops in East Germany, outnumbering our own by 2 to 1. Even if these troops are pulled out of East Germany and Poland, an aggressive Soviet thrust would find the road ahead easier even than Hitler did.

And that has to do with the fate of Europe, not with the strategic danger for the United States. Soviet strategic strength has not diminished. We are justified in thinking it less likely that Moscow would use it against the West. We would be reckless flatly to rule out the possibility that it might use or threaten to use its nuclear artillery against the West. Since that artillery is aggressive in shape and in density, why is it there at all if the Soviet Union is prepared to renounce any possibility of using it?

Anyone who worked at a separation center in 1945–46 knows something about the fever associated with demobilization. Granted we were dealing in those days with a conscripted soldiery and today we have a volunteer military—but the fever is the same. The lust for the money now going to the military feeds it; and if it is unchecked, we are going to find a great hole where the Pentagon once was.

Yes, that is an exaggeration, but our editorialists sometimes sound like East Germans the day the Wall was penetrated. And no doubt Mr. Gorbachev knows this.

Mr. Safire of the *New York Times* advises Mr. Bush not to bail out the Soviet Union. He is half right. Do not bail out the Soviet Union, but do not push the Soviet Union toward desperation. And the desirable formula is obvious: Our cash, their guns. But any contract designed to effect this exchange must be conclusive in character. We need to establish that that element of the Soviet war machine that constitutes a potential threat to the world should be dismantled. Ream the barrels of those launchers and artillery pieces and grow flowers there, and visit them every week or two to clip the blossoms, which we can spray about our military cemeteries, rededicating ourselves to our determination not to have to fight again. □

The Christopher Columbus Dollar

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22

There is a bill (HR-1068) which deserves universal backing, and this happens about once every thousand years. It is called the United States Coinage Reform Act of 1989. And what it would do for us is to give us a beautiful metal dollar.

WARNING! We must not, once again, endure the catastrophic experience of dear old Susan B. Anthony. When finally Congress and the Treasury Department issued a dollar coin in 1979, everyone sat back expecting the revolution to happen. The vending-machine merchants invested millions of dollars to refit their equipment. And lo! within a matter of months, the metal dollar disappeared. Nobody wanted it.

What happened? Primarily public inertia. As long as the dollar bill was still floating about, consumers were reluctant to give up old habits. What we do know is that in every other country in which the effort was made to substitute coins for paper, the old equivalent in paper money was gradually eliminated, even as the current bill before Congress calls for eliminating the production of dollar bills 18 months after the issuance of the Christopher Columbus dollar, just in time for the five-hundredth anniversary of his discovery of our sainted shores.

The current dollar is worth what 25 cents was worth in 1957, and the result is that it is hard to pass by a vending machine with enough quarters to sate one's appetite. You can't get a Milky Way, or a peanut-butter cracker for 25 cents. Moreover, the public is wanting a progressive variety of machine-sold goods. Vending machines are out there prepared to sell full meals, to be inserted in microwave ovens nearby, for those who wish variety, and are short on time. A machine is being distributed which, in return for a dollar, will take three ounces of frozen French fries and, in your presence, dip them into boiling oil. In France vending machines sell blue jeans, and in Japan consumers can buy computer programs from dispensers.

It is obvious that existing coinage isn't enough to meet consumer needs. The fifty-cent piece might as well reside in the Smithsonian, for all that we are made aware of it. Spain, Japan, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, the UK, Australia, France, Norway, Denmark, and Finland—all of them have coins worth more than U.S.$1. And the most interesting recent example of a move in the correct direction is Canada's, which, effective July 1, 1989, stopped issuing dollar bills, leaving it for Canadians to use the new gold-colored dollar, exactly the size we'd want for ourselves.

The usefulness of coins is also measured by their relative durability. The average dollar bill lasts less than 18 months: after about four hundred transactions, it becomes tatterdemalion. The coin, by contrast, lasts about twenty years. It costs 3.5 cents to manufacture, up against the dollar bill's 2.6 cents, so that its relative efficiency is manifest. The bill before Congress, by the way, stipulates that seigniorage from the production of dollar coins will be used to offset the "reverse seigniorage" resulting from the destruction of Susan B. Anthony dollar coins in government storage. That means that the profit from the relative increase in value of the Christopher Columbus dollar will offset the loss of the bullion that went into the uppity Susan B. Anthony dollar.

You should know that true reformers really want to go one step further. Abolish the fifty-cent piece on the grounds that it is for all intents and purposes inert. And—boldest of all—do away with the penny. There is nothing more boring than to stand behind a customer who plunks down two dollars for a copy of *Time* magazine and is told by the salesman that the price is $2.01 (e.g., at National Airport, Washington, D.C.). Andy Rooney did a funny gig on *60 Minutes* in which hidden cameras revealed that the typical American does not bother to pick up one-cent pieces when, e.g., gathering together his cash and coins before vacating his hotel room. Why not just round the figure off? The British have eliminated their farthing, after all.

What would we do with all the old pennies? Why not use them to pay congressmen their wage increases? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

■ If anyone knows how to snatch an uncertain truce from the jaws of certain victory, it has to be George Bush. Last issue Cato highlighted the coming battle over reform of the Legal Services Corporation, a federal boondoggle set up to help poor people, but now concerned mainly with rewriting the Constitution along lines that would have even Michael Dukakis reconsidering his stand on the Pledge of Allegiance. The 11-member board has been bitterly divided between six pro-reform conservatives and five status-quo liberals. But when one of these conservatives resigned and the recess appointment of another ran out, the Left had planned to use its new 5 to 4 majority to purge reformers from the ranks—unless the President restored the balance with two new recess appointments.

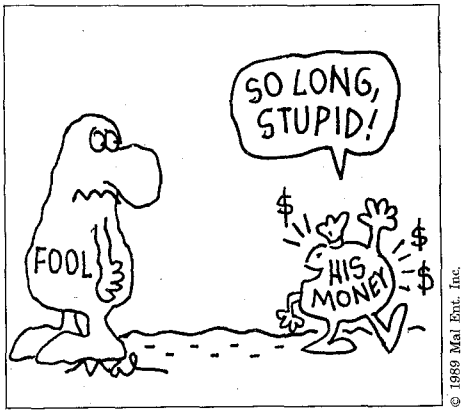
Well, he did and he didn't. J. Blakely Hall, the Reagan appointee whose recess appointment had expired, was renamed to the board. But for the second seat Mr. Bush settled on former Congressman John Erlenborn (R., Ill.). Signs are that the Honorable Mr. Erlenborn is not fully committed to a reform agenda that includes holding LSC to the same waste, fraud, and abuse statutes that apply to every other agency.

Thus the Erlenborn appointment was a lost opportunity, but another chance will emerge at the December 15 board meeting. There members will vote on whether they favor the package of reforms represented in the McCollum–Stenholm amendment (which was defeated by a narrow 206 to 199 vote earlier this year). Because every current board member has served his full three-year term, the President has the power to dismiss them at will by simply appointing a replacement while Congress is recessed, and we suggest that Mr. Bush take advantage of this to get rid of any one of the 11 who takes a stand against holding LSC accountable for the $308 million it will spend next year. Our candidates for the presidential boot? Tom Smegal and Paul Eaglin.

■ Meanwhile, at Washington's Omni Shoreham Hotel, Minority Whip Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) rallied the troops at the First Annual Leadership Conference. Mr. Gingrich has already taken some heat from the Right for his part in the controversial deal that revived the congressional pay raise, but his speech, "The American That Can Be," had them on their feet. Arguing that conservatives have already won the philosophical wars against Communism and the welfare state, he argued that conservatives who carp about the White House are missing the point. "It ain't George Bush, it ain't Dan Quayle, and it isn't Lee Atwater." It's us.

With the public now looking to the Right for answers, it is our job to come up with political alternatives to the vast bureaucratic welfare state the Left has erected over the past four decades. Mr. Gingrich challenged the audience to begin organizing themselves to provide the public with alternative models—on everything from housing and health to education and welfare—and to shape the debate by forcing the Left into defending, say, the post office or the government of New York City.

Cato's sources say that this is the first shell lobbed in an all-out offensive against the Democrats on the theme of reform, and that George Bush is on board. Look for some of this stuff to crop up in the State-of-the-Union address in January.



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■ In other Republican news, John M. Barry's book on Speaker Jim Wright, *The Ambition and the Power* (see review by Wick Allison, p. 41), contains some remarkable insights into House Republicans. Mr. Barry points out that the party leader for the House, Representative Bob Michel (R., Ill.), is the longest-serving minority member in the history of the Congress. What this means is that during more than thirty years of House service and ten years of leadership, Representative Michel has never chaired a committee, never chaired a subcommittee, never tasted real power. Indeed, as Mr. Barry points out, when a then-obscure Newt Gingrich took on Speaker Tip O'Neill in 1984, "most Republicans gave Gingrich a standing ovation: Michel kept his seat."

But his House service will not go entirely unrewarded. According to figures from the National Taxpayers Union, under the proposed pay raise, Mr. Michel would stand to collect the largest initial annual pension check if he retired right now, $100,573. Even Speaker Foley wouldn't quite hit the six-figure level.

It makes us wonder whether the way to shake Republican complacency in the House might be to change the basis for congressional pay from longevity to merit.

■ And last, an article in *Legal Times* reports that despite the sanctions against South Africa still pending in Congress, the diamond industry has managed to get itself exempted by a loophole that allows importers to take uncut diamonds if they do not know where they're from; since most of the South African diamonds are unlabeled, this effectively would let them through. The article attributes this provision to efforts by prominent Democrats such as Ted Sorensen, who as vice chairman of the Democratic National Platform Committee in 1988 oversaw its tough pro-sanctions plank; Donald McHenry, U.S. Ambassador to the UN under Jimmy Carter; and diamond broker Maurice Tempelsman, who contributed some $85,000 to the DNC last year. Evidently Marilyn got it wrong: Diamonds are a *Democrat's* best friend. —CATO

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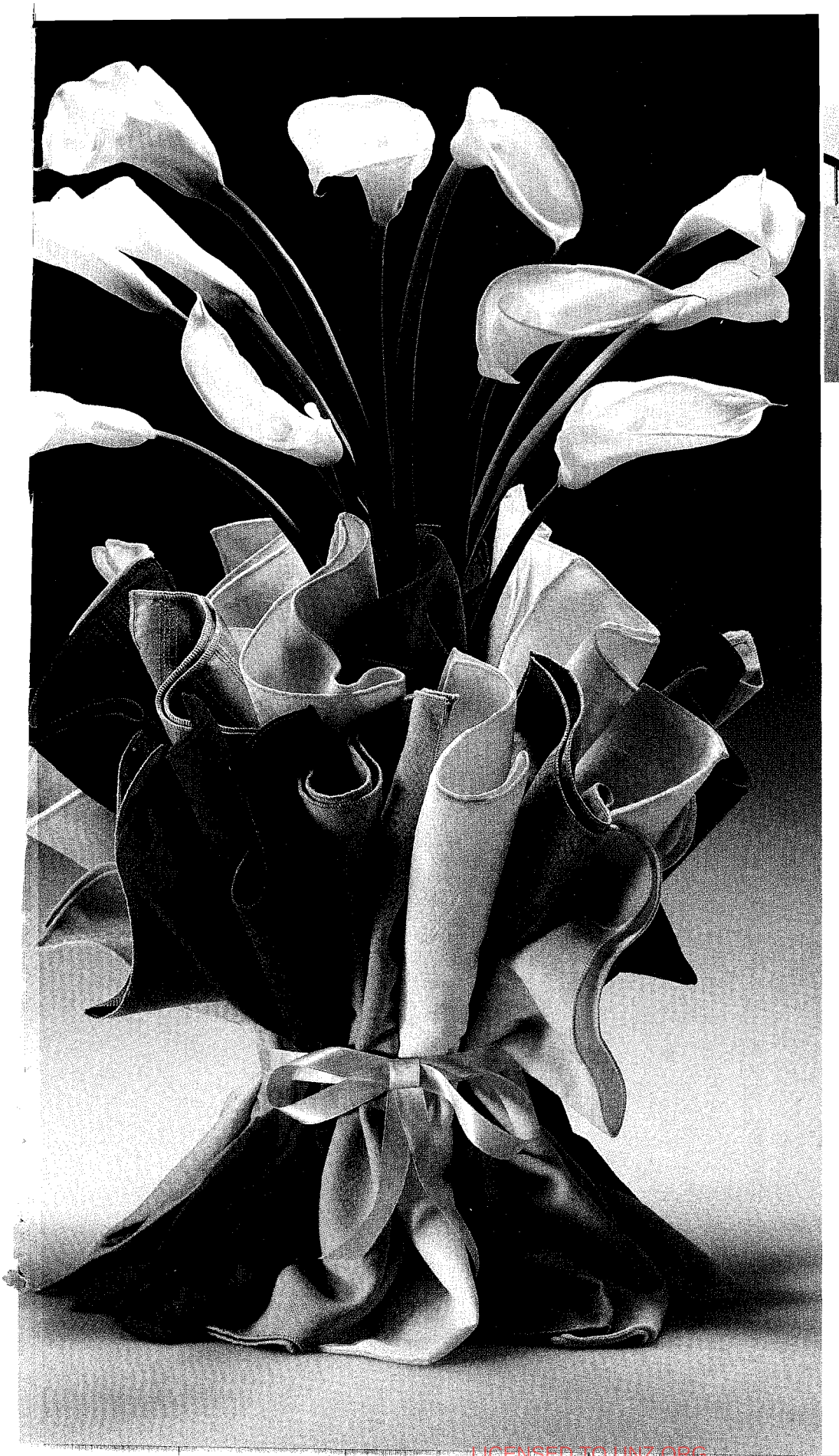

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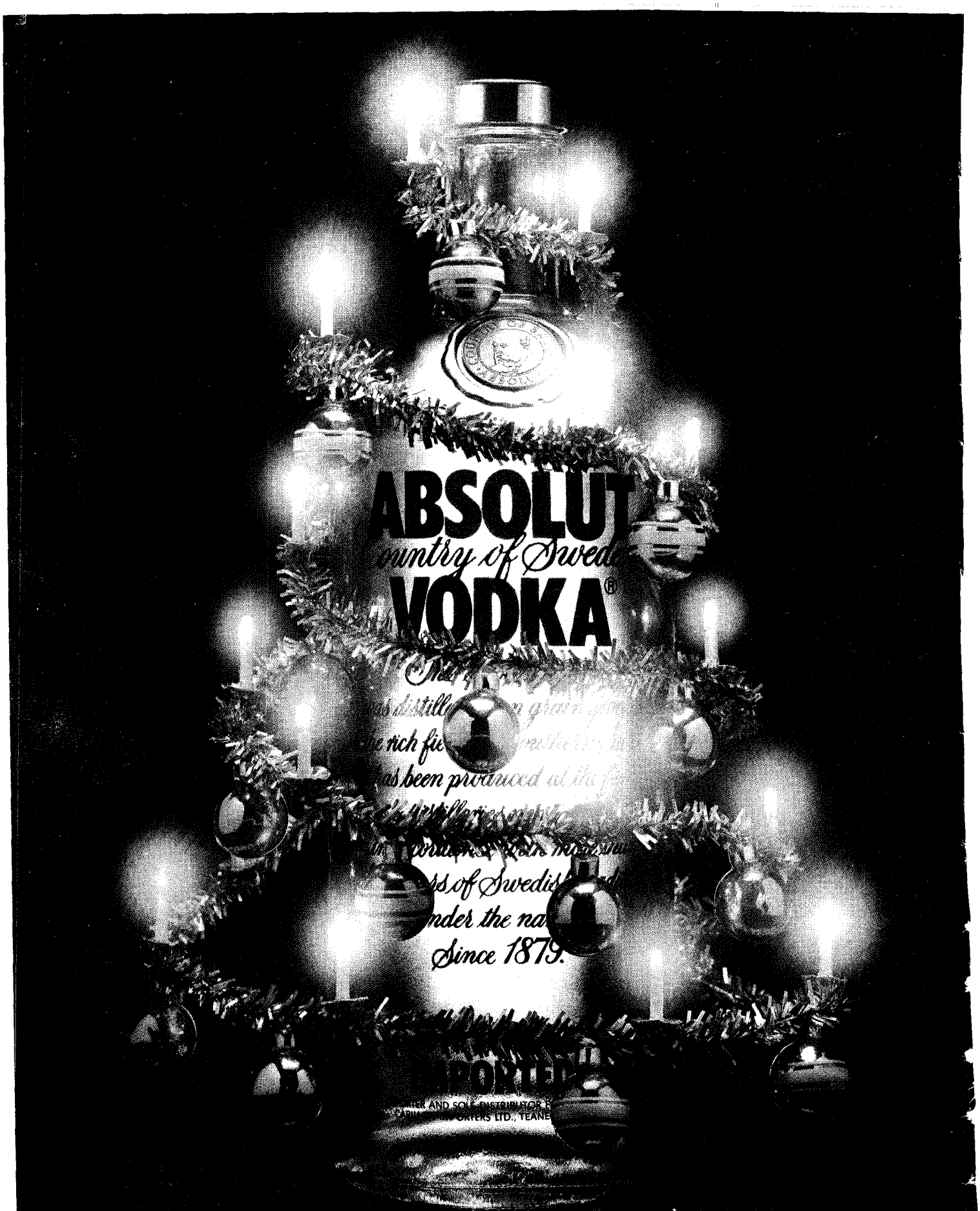

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